MODERN SCREEN

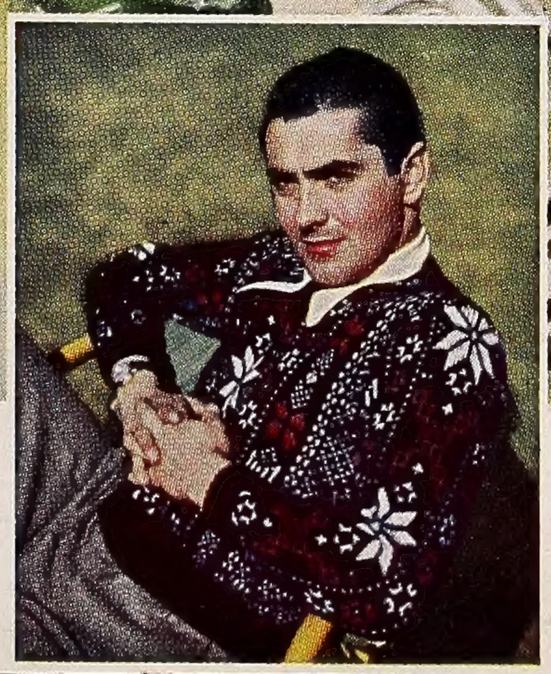
SEPTEMBER

Still 10

CENTS

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND



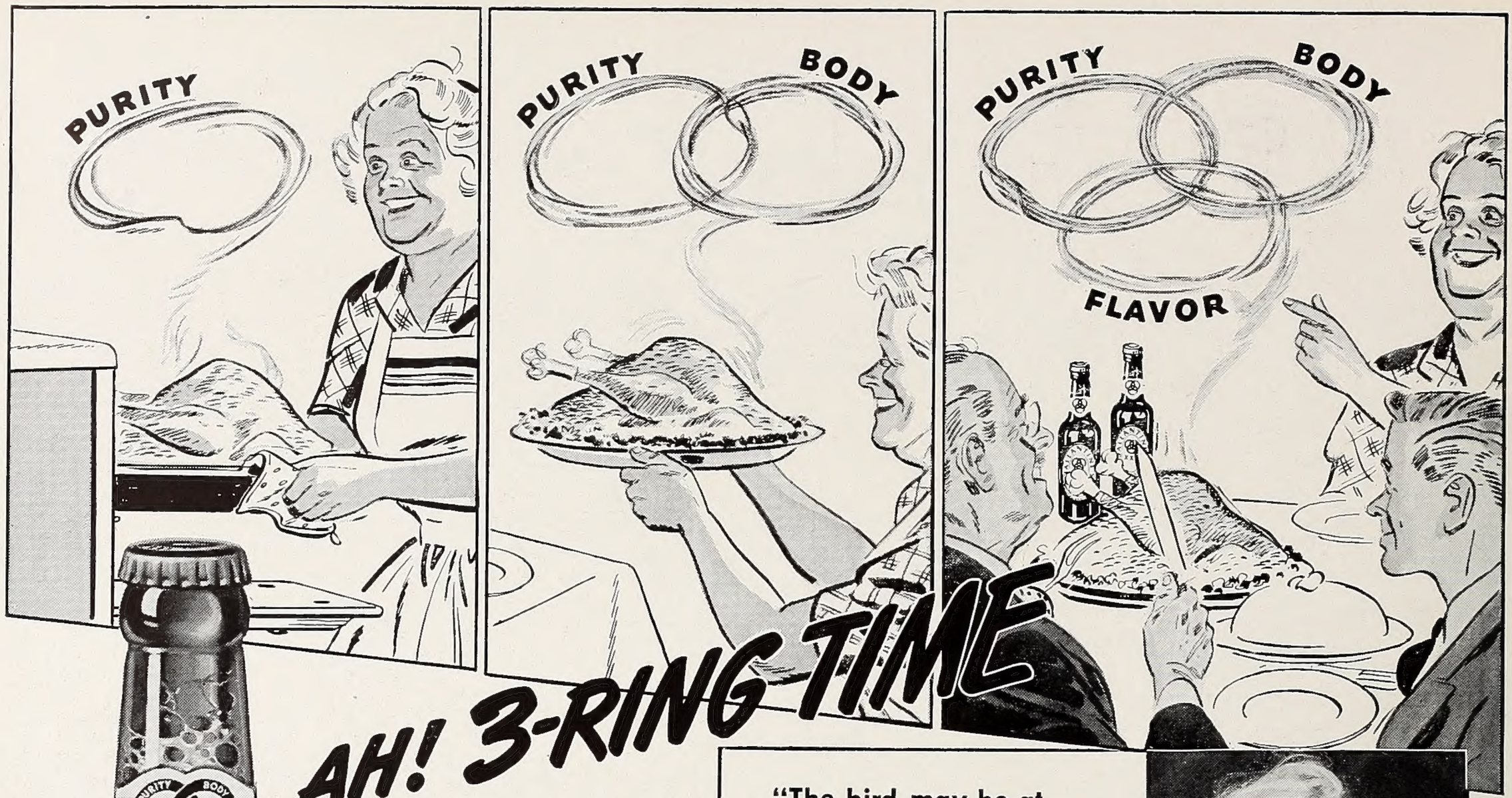


IN THIS ISSUE *Four Color Portraits*

ANN SHERIDAN • GENE TIERNE

TYRONE POWER • BOB STAC

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AH! 3-RING TIME



"The bird may be at the head of our marketing list—but Ballantine is not far behind. It's a great favorite with everyone at our house."

Mrs. FRANCIS J. SEIDLE
Philadelphia Housewife



For a festive dinner that will go down in family history, serve Ballantine with the main course . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR are the finest accompaniment fine food ever had.

"Special" day—any day—you'll find 3-Ring Time's the pleasantest of all! Look for the 3 Rings . . . call for Ballantine Ale . . . or Ballantine Beer. On draught . . . in bottles.

BALLANTINE

JUST FOR FUN tune in **"3-RING TIME,"** Ballantine coast-to-coast radio show . . . Milton Berle, Shirley Ross, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Blue Network.

ALE BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

JUL 29 1942



Now Guess Her Age!



New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The ***TWIN-HURRICANE*** method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.



Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".



"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.



The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.



Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".



"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.



"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.



"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.



★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—

—*Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

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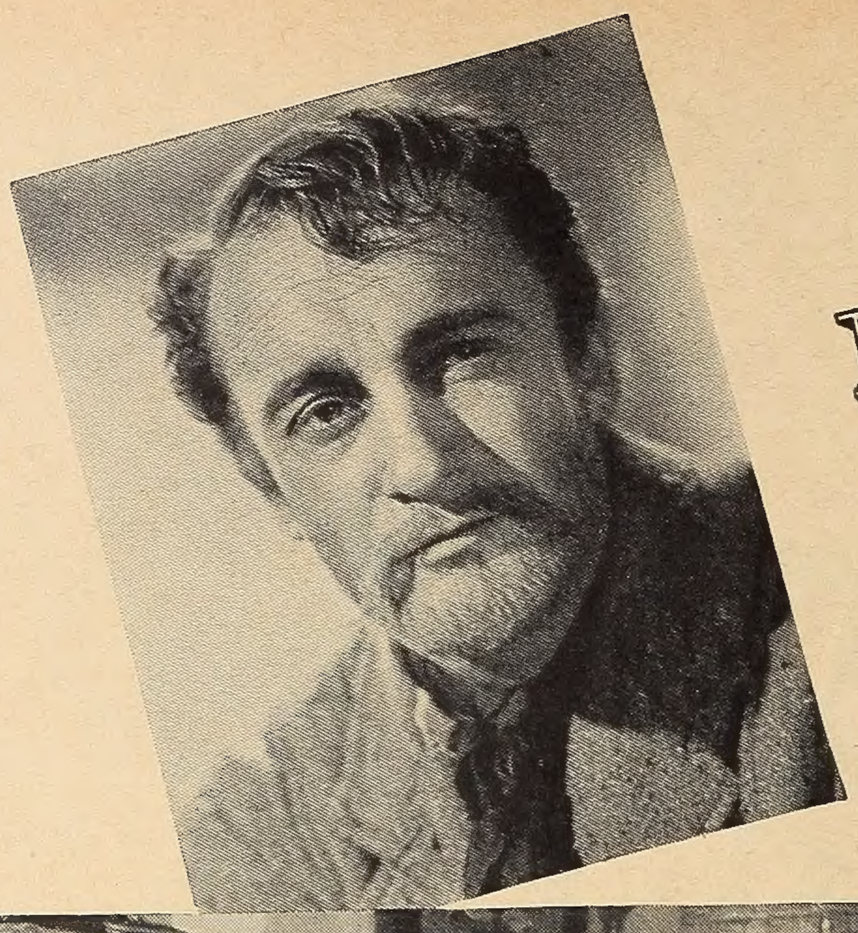
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He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!
MICKEY
ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"
WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN · JUANITA
QUIGLEY · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by George Oppenheimer,
Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



Blanche Stroeve (Doris Dudley) runs away with Strickland (Geo. Sanders) after nursing him back to health in her husband's home. Miss Dudley left Katharine Cornell's show to play in "Moon."



When "Moon and Sixpence" was written, it rocked the art and literary circles of the day because of its bold similarity to the real-life story of a famous modern painter-genius!



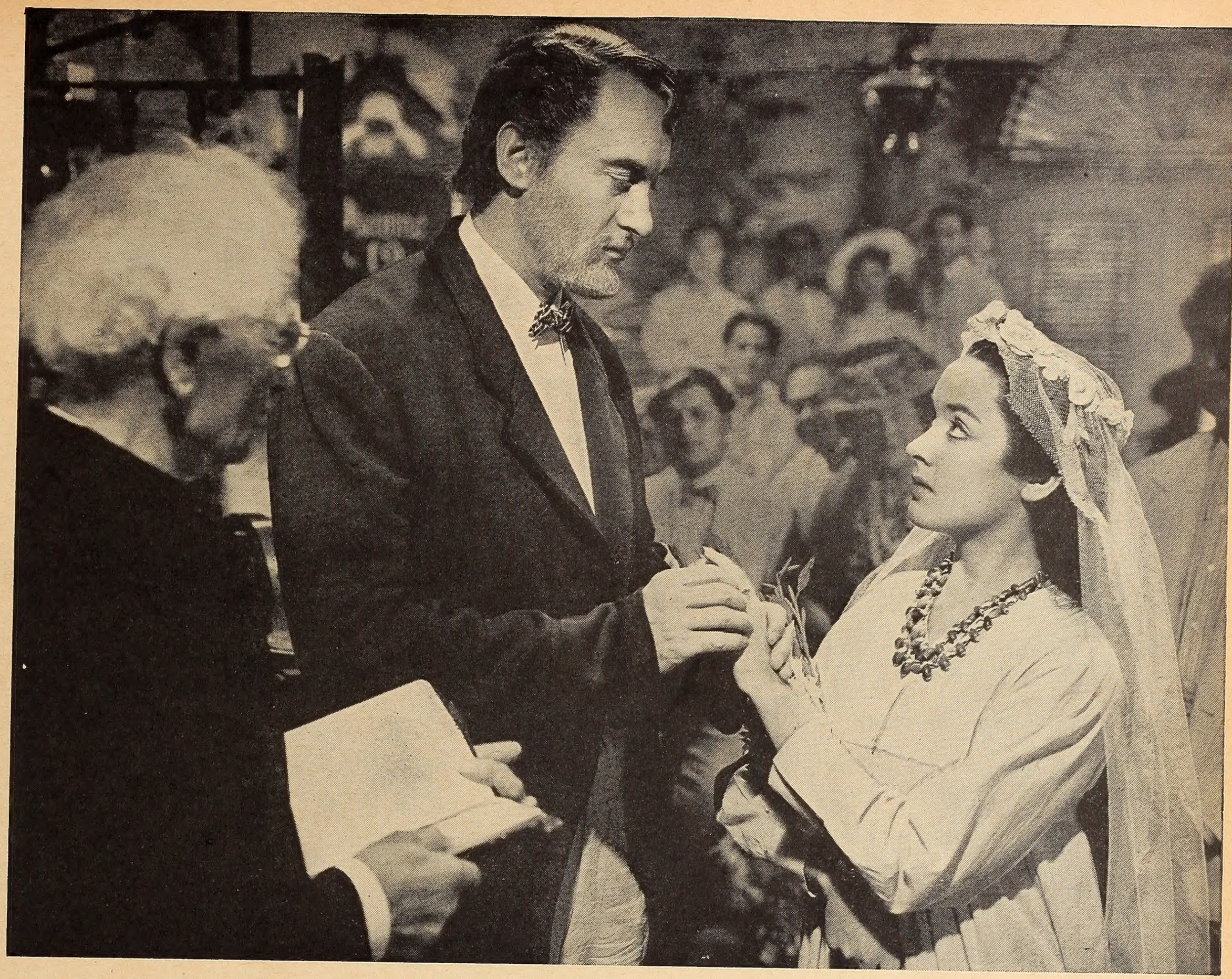
United Artists' production of "Moon" is based on the saltiest and most widely read of all Somerset Maugham's novels. Above, Strickland and Captain Nichols (Eric Blore) when pickin's were small!

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

Swinging from the old Paris of bohemian artists, studio garrets and second rate cafes to the color-drenched islands of the South Seas, "The Moon and Sixpence" paints a wide and absorbing canvas. Lusty, real and alive, it sketches a group of full-blooded figures on the screen that you won't soon forget.

In the movies and fiction generally the artist has usually been portrayed as a romantic, sensitive-lipped, hothouse flower. Charles Strickland, the artist of "The Moon and Sixpence," is a romantic figure, vividly so, but the rest of the definition goes by the board. For Strickland, in many ways, is a male Scarlett O'Hara; driving, intense, proud and egotistical, he leaves wrecked behind him the lives of women and men as he marches toward his goal. "The Moon and Sixpence" is sharp, acrid and somewhat salty to the taste.

Taken from the novel by Somerset Maugham, it takes a place with other unusual films that have been fashioned from his work. You should remember "Of Human Bondage" which not so many years ago catapulted Bette



Third woman in Strickland's life is Ata (Elena Verdugo) with whom he falls deeply in love in the island paradise. Role requires her to wear a complicated 2-hour make-up.

Davis to stardom; further back there was "Rain," colorful and dramatic. "The Moon and Sixpence" is another leaf from the work of this sharp-eyed reporter of the human race.

It tells the story of the artist and genius, Charles Strickland. Until he was forty, Strickland lived the placid, somewhat smug life of a fairly successful stockbroker, head of an average family, seemingly somewhat dull and prosaic. And then one day, for no apparent reason, he left his family, his business, all his connections and went to Paris. His wife was sure a woman was involved; but in the usual sense there was no "other" woman. Charles Strickland, at forty, had decided to be an artist. Simply that.

Or perhaps not so simple. It poses a riddle of character and morals, personality and conventions not at all easy to understand. It is that riddle which Geoffrey Wolfe, a writer whose life touched Strickland's at various points, sets out to solve by telling the story of the artist's life as he knew it.

Wolfe met Strickland in Paris and found him utterly without remorse for his action, without pity for his wife, without sympathy for his children. Strickland simply said that he had to paint. Nothing else mattered in the whole wide world. Without money, he lived on crumbs, literally half starved, yet he never made the slightest move to return.

Once, falling seriously ill, he was taken in by a kindly painter, Dirk Stroeve, who believed Strickland a genius. Stroeve nursed him back to health, cared for him, fed him, gave him a place to sleep and work. In the end, his health restored, Strickland repaid Stroeve by running off with his wife. Stroeve's despair failed to move him; he called him a "fat fool." And when, in turn, the wife committed suicide because of him, Strickland merely shrugged. He had taken her in, he said, because he needed practice painting the female figure and could not afford models.

Through all the years in Paris, Strickland lived with the vague dream of a land flooded with sunshine and color, where he could paint as he felt he should paint. And finally, through (*Continued on page* 12)

There Are MORE SEATS On Mid-Week Days



Avoid crowded week-ends to make the most of Greyhound Travel in Wartime

THE BEST travel-time in wartime is on mid-week days—too many people want each bus seat on week-ends and holidays—the only times that many war workers and men in uniform can travel at all! You'll help ease crowding of buses by going on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday whenever possible. It's also wise to avoid taking trips in rush periods and on holidays. Get information and tickets as far in advance as you can—and don't take any more baggage with you than is absolutely necessary. Your cooperation will aid in keeping vital wartime traffic on the move!

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Martin Eden (Columbia)	2½★
All Through the Night (Warners)	3½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners)	C 3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Babes on Broadway (M-G-M)	4★
Bahama Passage (Paramount)	3★
Ball of Fire (RKO)	3½★
Bedtime Story (Columbia)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	2½★
Blondie Goes to College (Columbia)	2½★
Blue, White and Perfect (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Bombay Clipper (Universal)	2½★
Born to Sing (M-G-M)	3★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Cadets on Parade (Columbia)	2★
Call Out the Marines (RKO)	2★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Captains of the Clouds (Warners)	3★
Close Call for Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Confessions of Boston Blackie (Columbia)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Corsican Brothers, The (United Artists)	3★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M)	3★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)	2½★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Feminine Touch, The (M-G-M)	3★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forbidden Trails (Monogram)	2★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Frisco Lil (Universal)	2½★
Gentleman at Heart, A (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady (Paramount)	3★
Hayfoot (United Artists)	2★
H. M. Pulham, Esq. (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This, Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
I Wake Up Screaming (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Joan of Paris (RKO)	3½★
Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)	2½★
Johnny Eager (M-G-M)	3½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Jungle Book, The (United Artists)	C 4★
Kathleen (M-G-M)	C 3★
Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)	3★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Kings Row (Warners)	3★
Kipps (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Lady For a Night (Republic)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Lawless Plainsmen (Columbia)	2★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists)	C 2½★
Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Mad Doctor of Market Street, The (Universal)	2★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man from Headquarters (Monogram)	2★
Man Who Came to Dinner, The (Paramount)	4★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Bug Goes to Town (Paramount)	C 3★
Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)	3★
Mr. District Attorney in the Carter Case (Republic)	2½★
Mister V (United Artists)	4★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night of January 16 (Paramount)	3★
No Hands on the Clock (Paramount)	2½★
North of the Klondike (Universal)	2½★
Obliging Young Lady (RKO)	2½★
One Foot in Heaven (Warners)	3½★
Pacific Blackout (Paramount)	2★
Pardon My Stripes (Republic)	2★
Paris Calling (Universal)	3★
Playmates (RKO)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Private Buckeroo (Universal)	2½★
Quiet Wedding (Universal)	3½★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Red River Valley (Republic)	2½★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Timberline (Paramount)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Road Agent (Universal)	2½★
Rock River Renegades (Monogram)	2★
Roxie Hart (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Royal Mounted Patrol, The (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Secrets of the Lone Wolf (Columbia)	2½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shadow of the Thin Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Son of Fury (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Steel Against the Sky (Warners)	2★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Stork Pays Off, The (Columbia)	2½★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)	4★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Suspicion (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Swamp Water (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy at Midnight (Republic)	2½★
Treat 'Em Rough (Universal)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Unholy Partners (M-G-M)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
West of Cimarron (Republic)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wild Bill Hickok Rides (Warners)	3★
Wolf Man, The (Universal)	2½★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
You're in The Army Now (Warners)	2★

THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

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To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

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and introducing

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Columbia Pictures Star



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Hollywood-perfect

with this

MODERN HAIR RETAINER

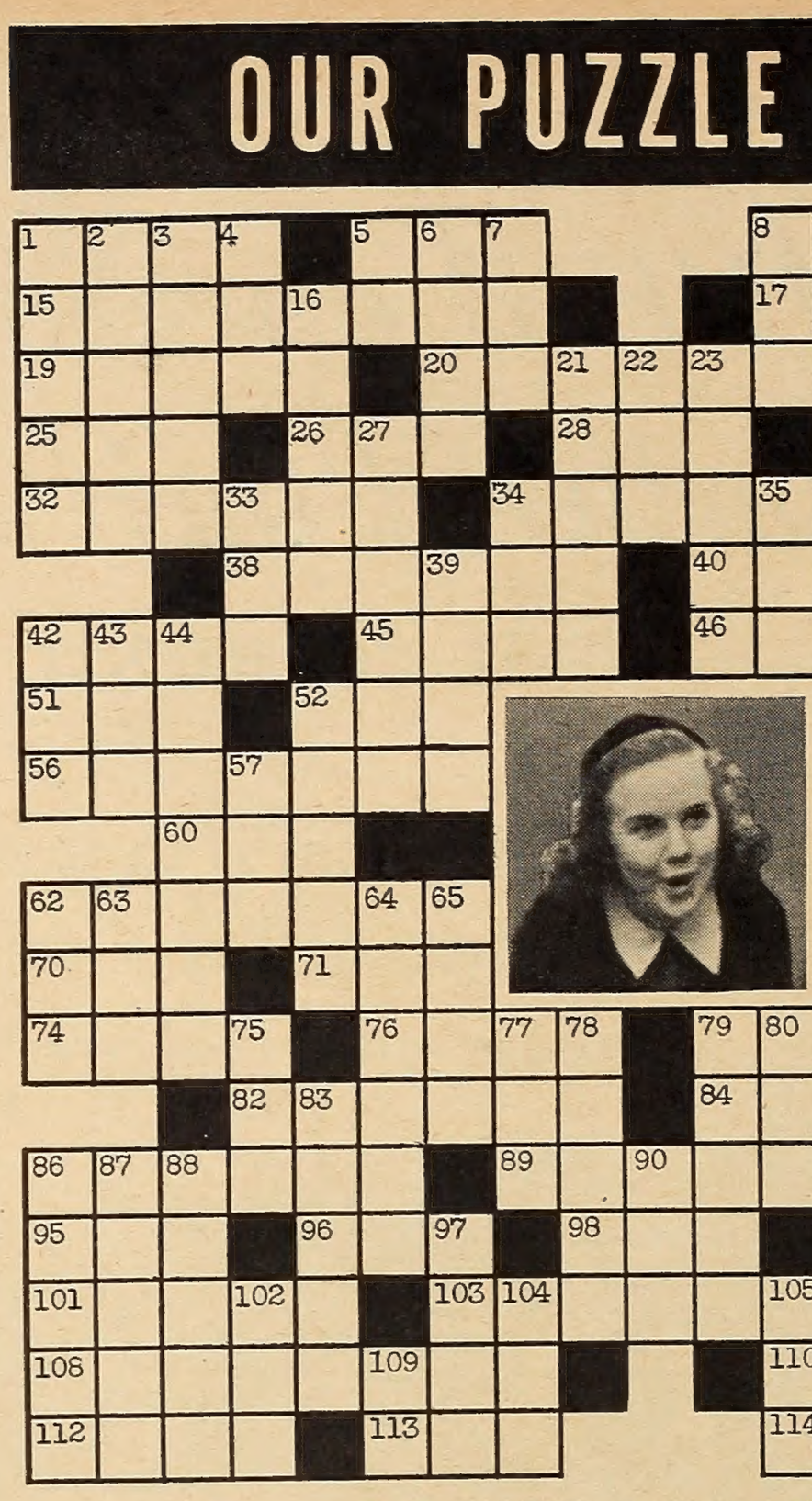


Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. This non-metallic hair retainer slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! And that's especially important if you're working in the war effort, where you *must* keep your hair up, out of the way! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) only 25c. If notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 47

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 97

ACROSS

1. Actor named Kruger
5. T - - - Birell
8. Mother of star pictured
11. "- - - - herd of the Ozarks"
15. "Juke Girl"
17. Fem. in "This Gun for Hire"
19. "A Gentleman at Heart"
20. Opposite "Lady in a Jam"
24. She's in "To the Shores of Tripoli"
25. "It St - - - ed With Eve"
26. Compass point
28. Edible root stock
29. Songwright Gershwin
31. Male lead of "Mokey"
32. Be indignant at
34. "Secret - - - - - of Japan"
36. Narcotic
38. & 40. A Universal film favorite
42. Circle parts
45. Shirley's age: four - - - -
46. Chills and fever
47. Cupid
51. Pooh!
52. Director's call to to end scenes
53. Away from
55. Italian actress
56. With our star in 25 Across
58. Moral
60. Ingrid's daughter
61. Shade tree
62. Hedy's name in "Tortilla Flat"
66. Setting of "Mister V"
70. - - - ta Louise
71. N. Zealand parrot
72. Our star was in "Spring P - - - de"
73. Female ruff
74. "A - - - - on the Burma Road"
76. Noted radio and screen actress
79. A treat when sung by our star
81. Sums up
82. One of "Five of a Kind"
84. Male principal in "I Married an Angel"
86. A Barrymore
89. Selfish sister in "In This Our Life"
91. Seniors
95. Finis
96. - - - one Power
98. Rodent
99. - - - th Fellows
100. "Frisco - - -"
101. Fred Astaire's first dancing partner
103. What Taylor and Power have portrayed
106. Our star's golden treasure
108. Fortresses
110. Thrust in
112. Fastening
113. Player in "Now, Voyager"
114. Beverage
115. Radicals

DOWN

1. Noted English character actor
2. At that place
3. Film newcomers must take these
4. C - - - Witherspoon
5. Paid notice
6. Dagwood in "Blondie's Blessed Event"
7. Star of "Panama Hattie"
8. Farewell!
9. Cabdriver in "Four Jacks and a Jill"
10. "Three Sm - - t Girls" was our star's first hit
11. Walt Di - - - y
12. Feminine name
13. Brilliancy
14. Anne Shirley's ex
16. Fem. in "Destination Unknown"
18. African ruminant
21. Musical instrument
22. Grief
23. Actress: - - - - - Ware
27. What our star's "Oscar" is
30. Opposite our star in "Nice Girl?"
33. Editor's: abbr.
34. Scotch for "One"
35. "- - - boat Annie"
37. "New W - - -"
39. Ensnares
41. Comic Mesquiteer in "Westward Ho!"
42. Primer
43. College yell
44. The Little Fellow in "The Gold Rush"
48. Male in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
49. Siren in "You'll Never Get Rich"
50. "My Gal - - -"
52. With Lana in "Honky Tonk"
54. Fem. in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
57. Dolores Del - - -
59. Doctrine
62. Recently became Mrs. Ray Hendricks
63. Plays a Chinese in "Shanghai Gesture"
64. Weirdly
65. What Errol Flynn does for fun
66. Other woman in "Kathleen"
67. Rubbed out
68. The "dead pan" comic
69. Aye
75. Lead in "Juke Box Jenny"
77. Spanish hero
78. "Always in My - - - - -"
79. Playwright: - - - - - Loos
80. Legal point
81. In addition
83. Apportioned
85. "Popeye's" girl friend
86. Cary Grant's real name
87. Sabu's home-land
88. Was married to Luise Rainer
90. Our star's father-in-law
92. Choicest part
93. Pressed through a strainer
94. Sleighs
97. Part in a film
99. Slave
102. Fold over
104. Employ
105. What Bob Hope is noted for
107. Screen juvenile
109. Swedish comic
111. Carmen Miranda's country: abbr.

Private life
OF THE MAN MILLIONS CHEERED!



Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

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GARY COOPER

in

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with

TERESA WRIGHT • BABE RUTH • WALTER BRENNAN

VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

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Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER Shampoo. I enclose 10c to cover packaging, handling and postage.

Name

Address

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

accident, he heard of the South Sea Islands—Java, Bali, Tahiti. He beat his way there, surviving incredible physical misery, living on slops, braving dangers. Reaching there, he found it the Paradise he had dreamed about.

He settled on the Islands. He took a native wife and found that he loved her as he had never loved a woman before. Isolated from civilization, away from a world which didn't understand him and which he couldn't endure, he found his happiness. It wasn't destined to live long, for Strickland caught leprosy and after a few short years in his Eden, he died.

His end, horrible and untimely, was perhaps the just desserts for his life. Surely he had spared no one in achieving what he had wanted. But that is just the point of the picture; who was at fault in the life of Charles Strickland? For all he did, he repaid in masterpieces of painting, pictures of a wild and brooding beauty. Who was in debt—the world to the artist, or the artist to the world? The picture does not solve the riddle; it does not condemn. It merely presents.

Told in a manner to catch the full flavor of the book, "The Moon and Sixpence," uses a narrative flashback technique. It's not entirely new to the movies, but it has rarely been used so extensively as here. Almost throughout the whole picture, there is a narrator, the writer Goeffrey Wolfe, telling the story in the background while the screen acts out the words. It's a novel and highly effective way of presenting a story whose flavor lies in the mood and the curiously impersonal point of view.

George Sanders, in an ideal bit of casting, plays the haughty, contemptuous Strickland; Herbert Marshall, the writer Geoffrey Wolfe. Doris Dudley and Elena Verdugo handle the female leads. Albert Basserman, Steve Geray, Eric Blore and Florence Bates round out the cast. For good measure Devi Dja and her group of Java-Bali dancers are included.

Depend on it, "The Moon and Sixpence" is excellent entertainment on any level. The story is vivid, moving, different, colorful in locale, exciting in incident. You will get from it exactly what you care to; an hour and a half of rattling, good movie, an hour and a half of good, rattling ideas. Or both; preferably both.—*U. A.*

P. S.

George Sanders stopped off in Hollywood to spend a week-end and has been here seven years. Didn't know anyone here, but got indignant when refused a trip through the studios. One week later he was working at 20th Century-Fox as Madeleine Carroll's husband in "Lloyd's of London" . . . Katharine Cornell advised Doris Dudley to accept the role, said it was the best motion picture script she'd ever read . . . Doris still winces at mention of her previous film appearance, a part in "A Woman Rebels" with Katharine Hepburn. That same opus is also a skeleton in the closet of one Van Heflin . . . Elena Verdugo, the native girl Sanders marries, is 17 years old, a descendant of the old Early California Verdugo family. Studied Spanish on the set between takes and found a tutor in Sanders, who speaks the beautiful language like a native son. When asked how the Javanese liked American movies, Devi Dja said they were very well received, but that Dorothy Lamour came as quite a surprise to them!

HOLIDAY INN

There's a rumor that the film cans of "Holiday Inn" are done up in gift wrappers, gay as a penny post card from a vacation resort. Joyous as a Christmas gift, romantic as a Valentine's day greeting, satisfying as a Thanksgiving Day turkey, "Holiday Inn" is as delightful as an unexpected birthday present.

For the occasion, Paramount has merged the nicest double feature bill you could think of and served it up on one platter. Bing Crosby's dulcet voice and Fred Astaire's miraculous feet beat out counter tempos for the picture. Not enough? Music—tinkling, gay and romantic—by Irving Berlin. More? An entertaining story, bright lines, pretty faces.

The story's about the lives and loves of Jim Hardy (Bing Crosby) and Ted Hanover (Fred Astaire) who have an act doing the rounds of the New York night clubs. And a couple of gals, of course. One of them, Lillie Dixon (Virginia Dale) danced with Ted, kissed Jim and loved everybody. So she marries a Texas oil millionaire—



Ted goes out to the nearest bar to brood; Jim goes out to the country for his. Brooding among the cows and chickens, he turns up the bright idea of making his farm into an Inn. The place is to be open only holidays, some fifteen a year; the rest of the time he can lie around and recuperate. A Holiday Inn!

Up pops the second gal, fresh as a country egg, blooming as a peach on the limb, pretty as a tiger lily, sweet as honey from a hive. She's Linda Mason (Marjorie Reynolds), and she's turned up at "Holiday Inn" for a try at show business. And up pops Ted, drunk, disorderly and with a broken heart. He stays drunk and disorderly, but the broken heart mends quick as a zip of a zipper as soon as he sees the girl. That's where they came in: two guys and a gal—but love, they say, is a merry-go-round anyway.

And this merry-go-round comes complete with music and dancing. Ted snags her for a partner in a couple of routines; Jim serenades her with "Easter Parade" and a couple of other smash tunes. In between, regretfully but firmly, they try to slip daggers into each other's backs. It's a happy threesome up "Holiday Inn" way.

It all works out. But before it does, the picture skips to Hollywood, winds up a lot of song numbers, gets off a slew of gags; and all with high gaiety as befits the holiday spirit. Jim gets Linda at the

end, but Ted gets back Lillie; everything —songs, girls, jokes and spotlight—is divvied up as neatly as a Lease-Lend treaty.

But it's the production numbers which make the picture the top-notch entertainment that it is; and there are fifteen of them spotted through the story. They run the gamut from slick ballroom numbers and romantic ballads to a spiritual with Bing in blackface and a Colonial number with Fred in knee-length pants and buckled shoes. They're just the best there is in Hollywood in their respective fields—Crosby and Astaire. And that's enough.—*Par.*

P. S.

Trickiest of the dance routines is Astaire's Fourth of July number . . . Explosion of fire-crackers was timed to accompany the tapping . . . Dance director set 'em off by means of an "organ" equipped with fuses instead of keys . . . Everyone except Fred wore goggles for eye-protection against the 3000 tiny torpedoes that explode during the dance . . . Bing Crosby's muscles took a terrific beating. For four days he pitched hay, milked cows, dug ditches, pruned trees, while the cameras ground. Result of his hard labor—a fast-moving two-minute montage . . . Prop men spent four days affecting each change of season. Used 20 tons of blossoms, buds and flowers for the Spring and Summer scenes . . . Bing started the film immediately after a trip to South America. All the mail that came to him from his newly found friends there was addressed simply "El Bingo" . . . Fred Astaire went through every one of his dances in slow motion so the "still" man could get his quota of pictures. Contrary to general opinion, Mr. Astaire is one of the most co-operative gentlemen in pictures . . . He's very superstitious and won't allow any member of the cast or crew to get a hair-cut during production. During the last two weeks of the long shooting schedule, the long-haired boys exercised iron control and completely ignored the constant yoo-hoos of their pals.

THE GAY SISTERS

The Gaylord sisters, three of them, were weaned on subpoenas, went to grade school with a bailiff, had their first dates in a Magistrates' Court and bloomed into beauty with the Circuit Court of Appeals. That's not to imply that the Gaylords were a bunch of minor Dillingers. They manage to cut up a few touches; at the opening of the story one of them takes a high kick at a photographer's camera, and one of them sports a monocle. But the gals are really Society, and their long legal career is just due to a will—or really a couple of wills.

It seems that after the death of their father, two wills were discovered, and while the claims and counter claims were being sifted, twenty-three long years passed, the girls got to know every judge in the circuit and lived on advances of the money due them. Root of the trouble is that one will gives a large chunk of dough to a charity, and the eldest sister Fiona (Barbara Stanwyck) has refused to settle or even compromise.

Fiona is quite a girl; high spirited, proud, beautiful and stubborn as an army mule. It's not that she has anything against charity that's kept her fighting these twenty-three years; Charles Barclay (George Brent), head of the charity, has refused to settle unless Fiona sells him the Gaylord house for a project of his which is a sort of miniature Radio

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!



Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration . . . it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an evening is . . . the more a girl needs Mum.

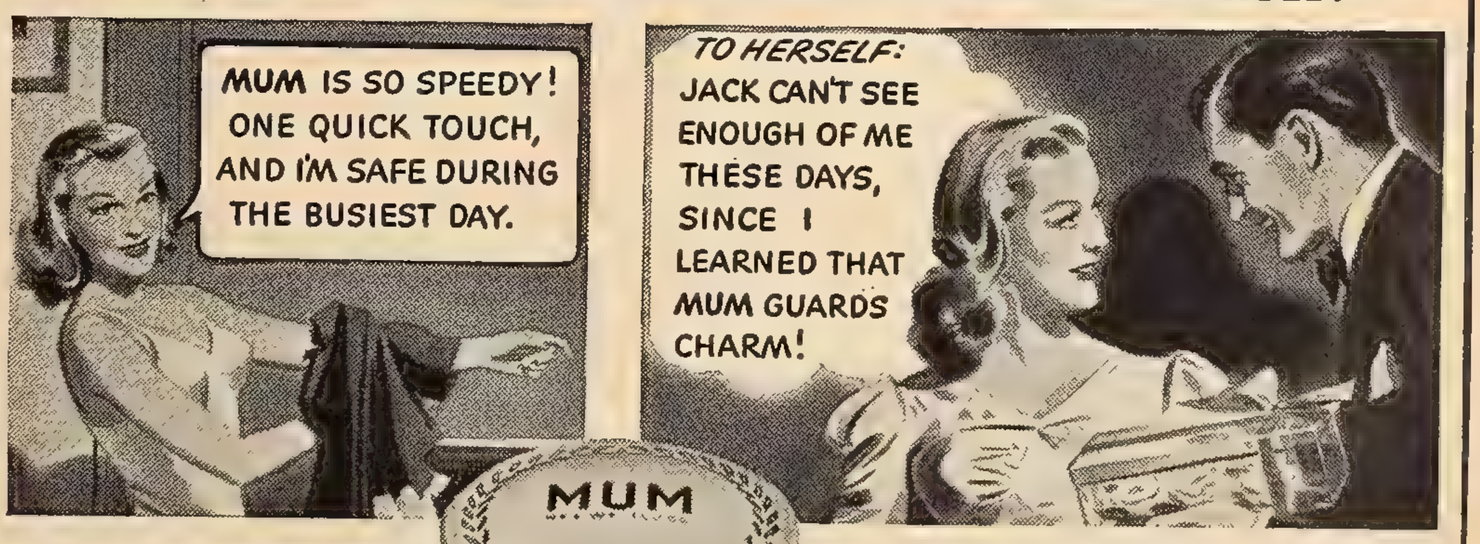
Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



For Sanitary Napkins

Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



City. So the case drags on while each of these two principals refuses to give in an inch.

That leaves the other two sisters high and dry with Fiona. One of them, Evelyn (Geraldine Fitzgerald) has taken up café society while cooling her heels waiting for the millions to drop into her lap, managed to snag an English lord for a husband and sports the aforementioned monocle; the other, Susanna (Nancy Coleman), has stubbed her toe with an unfortunate marriage which broke up a few days after the ceremony and, at the moment the story opens, is in love with an artist. Evelyn and Susanna, however, are completely under the thumb of the quick-tempered Fiona and just sigh and wonder what it's all about.

What they don't know is that Fiona and Charles Barclay were once married. Matter of fact there's a child, Austin, as proof of the nuptials; but no one knows that Austin is Fiona's child, and no one knows, except the two, that Fiona and Charles were once man and wife. The story of that marriage is one of Fiona's high-handed tricks; she married Barclay only to collect some money coming to her from an aunt, coming to her only if she married by a certain time. You can't blame Barclay for being a little angry about it when he found that out; the boy was really in love with Fiona.

Those skeletons in the closet rise to haunt Fiona, for Charles Barclay finds out about the child and threatens to blow the whole case wide open. Meanwhile Evelyn, on the loose and with nothing to do, has taken a shine to Susanna's artist and Susanna is broken-hearted. Faced with the prospect of ruining all their lives unless she settles with Barclay, Fiona gives the child to Barclay in return for a compromise on the wills.

Defeated, lost, her child gone from her, Fiona's a pitiful figure in the run down Gaylord house. But we said above that the guy loves her, didn't we? So it all ends happily, for oddly enough, she loves the guy, too. Fiona and Charles are re-united; Susanna gets her artist and Evelyn goes back to London, to an embattled England.

The role of Fiona is a meaty one for Barbara Stanwyck, tailor-made for her intensity and beauty. In the role of Barclay, George Brent has one of the best parts he's had in a long time. There's a host of top-notch supporting players in the picture; Donald Crisp, Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell and Bryant Fleming handle assignments. "The Gay Sisters" is solid screen entertainment, studded with odd and colorful characters. —*W. B.*



P. S.

Larry Simms, Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son in the film, is much better known to fans as "Baby Dumpling" of the "Blondie" series. He's seven years old, a real he-man. Had to be held down by force when the make-up man had to powder his face for an illness scene . . . 14 exterior sets, 27 interiors were used . . . the transportation department had to round up buses, cabs, bikes, even a steam roller, for different periods between 1915 and 1942 . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Coleman had planned a gag, to continue crying hysterically after the director had called "cut" on their weeping-in-the-wine-cellar scene. By the time they'd rehearsed a couple of times they were all out of tears. Had just enough left for one "take" . . . Barbara suffered a pulled muscle in her leg, putting everything she had into a kick aimed at a newspaper photographer's camera during the courthouse scene . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald's complete costume included a monocle . . . At a sneak preview, so many people praised the work of an unknown actor, referring to him by his character name, that Bryant Fleming became Gig Young legally and will use that name for his future screen career . . . Stanwyck and George Brent have worked together before—in "So Big" and "The Purchase Price"...Brent's first scene was his wedding to Barbara. Came time for the take, who should walk demurely up the aisle and stand beside him but Annie Sheridan Brent? The expression on George's face was recorded for posterity by the grinding cameras.

WAKE ISLAND

"Wake Island" has the sharp, stinging reality of a newspaper headline. After sending out a string of pictures in which the war was a sort of khaki background for love and kisses, Hollywood has finally caught up with the grim-voiced communiques which have been coming out of Washington and the capitals of the United Nations. "Wake Island" is Hollywood's finest love story to date; it tells of men whose love of country led them to death and glory on a barren coral rock.

A speck of land in the middle of nowhere, two and a quarter square miles in area, home base for twelve fighter planes and a handful of Marines, Wake Island fought off the full fury of Japanese air and sea attacks for precious weeks until the last plane was gone, and the handful

of Marines had shrunk to a fistful of men willing still to fight and die.

"Wake Island" tells the story of those men in personal terms. Major Caton, who took with him a silver cigarette case from his daughter; Lt. Cameron, who left his bride of a few days in Hawaii only to learn on Dec. 7 that she had been killed in the Jap raid on Oahu; Joe Doyle and Smacksie Randall, leathernecks, who yelled, "Send us more Japs," as wave after wave of attacks beat against the island; McCloskey, the civilian, on the island for a construction job, who watched the last refugee plane take off while he gathered a handful of grenades to toss at the coming Japs; Probenzki, the mechanic, performing daily miracles with the battered motors of the dwindling supply of planes; Triunfo, the steward, who went after the Japs with a Bolo; Commander Reynolds, wounded in the first attack; Johnny and Squeaky, recruits.

They all came to Wake Island. They were there when Kurusu, the Jap Ambassador, stopped over while on his "peace" mission to Washington. They were there on December seventh when the skies were suddenly split with man-made thunder as the Japs made their sneak attack.



Yet it's not all grim and deadly. For men meet danger in many ways. "Wake Island" is full of the sound of men laughing at odds, joking at death. It's a picture about men, naturally; yet not wholly. The women hover over the action, shadowy but real; there were wives and sweethearts left behind, there were girls back home. The tough-bitten old timers discuss regretfully the number of blondes still left in the world that they haven't met.

Cast:

Major Caton.....Brian Donlevy
Joe Doyle.....Robert Preston
Lt. Bruce Cameron....Macdonald Carey
Shad McCloskey.....Albert Dekker
Sally Cameron.....Barbara Britton
Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall.....
.....William Bendix
Ivan Probenzki.....Mikhail Rasumny
Comm. Reynolds.....Walter Abel
Captain Patrick.....Damian O'Flynn
Sgt. Higbee.....Bill Goodwin

The sights and sounds of "Wake Island" were made in Hollywood; but they were created by the Marines on bomb-blasted Wake Island itself. There is nothing in the picture that could not have happened and much that actually did. Here is what American soldiers suffered on a bare atoll that we might be safe. Dare to forget Wake Island!—*Par.*

P. S.

Ryan low-wing monoplanes had their markings changed to resemble enemy Jap attack bombers. The research department discovered that the Nakijima

(*Continued on page 86*)

Screen comedy so gay...drama so thrilling...love so exciting...it will be the talk of YOUR town!



CARY GRANT * JEAN ARTHUR
AND
RONALD COLMAN
ARE
The Talk of the Town
A GEORGE STEVENS
PRODUCTION
(he gave you "Woman of the Year" and "Penny Serenade")
with EDGAR BUCHANAN · GLENDA FARRELL · TOM TYLER
Screen play by IRWIN SHAW and SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Co-ed Caution

By JEAN KINKEAD



Gasless summer getting you down? Here's how to settle for a high old time in your own back yard!

Summer's a wonderful institution and all that, but it also has its headaches. Or hasn't yours? F'rinstance, **How are you doing in the moonlight?** A) Slapping swains' faces a dime a dozen? or B) Wondering why the heck nobody makes a pass at you? Either way it's no fun, but—let's face it—it's your own fault. Hardly a man is now alive who kisses without a bit of a come-on. If you're problem A, it's up to you to tone down your oomph.

Take it easy on the too-sheer-too-tight-too-low little numbers you've been wearing. A less lavish hand with the snaky perfume.

Don't double-date with a pair of confirmed smooch-artists. You feel like such a dope sitting there watching them, and you never can think of a word to say to your chum. Result: You take the line of least resistance and hate your lipstickless puss in your coldly critical bedroom mirror.

Another thing—don't be naive when your date heads his jalopy up a dead end street or starts turning off a lot of lights in your living-room. Be one step ahead of the Crisis. Get him interested in talking or doing a crossword puzzle or listening to some music. Should all your best efforts fail, and he's on with the lerve, don't—oh, never—slap his face. Say something pleasantish like, "Please don't, Bill. I'm saving my kisses for something kind of special, and this just isn't it." But smile when you say it, sister, and intimate that if he plays his cards right he might work into something special later on.

If you're problem B, look to your glamor. Stop thinking all the get-beautiful ads are aimed at the gal next door. Lovely hair, a gorgeous complexion and a darling figure are enough to make any guy look at you twice and, having looked, decide you're worth dating. Having achieved a date you shouldn't have any trouble getting yourself kissed, barring B.O. and that whole charm-slaying league. But your attitude's got to be right.

Remember that very few boys will get romantic if they think you're a face-slapper. So if a quickie clinch would make a swell evening perfect, let honey chile know you're available. When you get to your door, stand in a fairly accessible position and look into his eyes while you're telling him what a wonderful time you had. Then, instead of bolting inside, give him an instant to size up the situation. If he knows his Charles Boyer—you'll get it!

Supposing night holds no terrors for you, but

Oh, those hectic days! Too much sun on the poor face, too much water on the old hair. Frankenstein in a dirndl, that's you. What's to do about it?

Sunburn: Prevent it via enormous brimmed hats, gradual exposure and reliable sunburn lotions or creams. Don't be fooled by those sunless, muggy days. They're treacherous. If you do over-tan your hide, slather on a medicated cream, keep in the shade for a few days and wear very non-scratchy clothes so that it won't peel.

Summer hair: Prevent it by wearing a bathing cap in swimming, no matter how hysterical you look in one. Wash every bit of salt water or (*Continued on page* 67)

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE !



Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added


OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone
POWER · Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by
ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by
ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce · Gladys Cooper · Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
20th CENTURY FOX



BETTY GRABLE'S a softie. Way down deep. It kind of gets her when George trots up the front steps, arms full of little homely things like Kleenex and hand lotion. She wouldn't exchange 'em for a million orchids. (Hates orchids, anyway.) Born a real "St. Louis (Mo.) Woman," she keeps the boys "tied 'round her apron strings." (Y'know—those little mink things.) This dainty creature may look a fragrant blossom, but she devours onions and sucks pieces of garlic affectionately. Could be a connection with her missing wisdom teeth? Has no appendix, either, and her dancing in TCF's current "Footlight Serenade" was so hard on her anatomy, she spent days off in bed. Yearns to be a good actress—with those legs! Likes perfume, Dodgers, men. And don't those last two named return the compliment!

CESAR'S a Latin from Manhattan, running true to tradition! Gets around and knows more screen lovelies than any other two swells on Hollywood Boulevard. "Look" aptly described his position in café society thus, "It means as much to an actress to be seen with Romero as it does a piano to be seen with Paderewski." Amazing part is his apparent imperviousness. Says he's never been smitten or even faintly tied down. But we're wondering—what's about a certain sparkler stolen from his premises not long ago? And those reports of his furnishing that room strictly reserved for a missus in his Brentwood home? Folks at TCF (who certainly ought to know their favorite wolf) claim he's still up to his old tricks fascinatin' all the dames in sight in "Tales of Manhattan."

Powolny



JEAN ARTHUR has come a considerable distance from the old two-reel funnies to her present prominence. On theater marquees her name is twinkling beside Ronald Colman's and Cary Grant's (in Col.'s "The Talk of the Town"). But it was a stubbled path upward . . . made more difficult by the lack of the usual fanfare. Jean had always been firm on the subject. Fanfare frightened her. She'd carve her niche with talent rather than tinsel . . . or else to heck with it. When Mr. Deeds came to town he took Jean with him. There was that wonderful rich voice of hers that turned dull lines into music . . . and her rare ability to be both forthright and feminine. They say she used gold-dust in her powder to give her face a glow. What she did to make her personality glow remains a secret.

JOHN GARFIELD used to be a problem child! Used to think he could swipe oranges and trample the teacher's tulips without anybody caring much, 'til famed understander Angelo Patri looked him over and set him on the road to correcting his boyhood speech defect, winning oratorical honors to boot. When John came to Hollywood after Broadway, he was dead set on not "going Hollywood." Made it practically a phobia, left his studio high 'n' dry when he thought maybe he was turning too fancy. It was off to the wars for him, until the film guys argued "Please." Now everybody's happy, with John going great guns in his "Dangerously They Live" role, which both he and Warners' agree is just what the doctor ordered. But nothing or no one's going to make him get a haircut more than once a month, even now!

Schuyler Crail





At 17, Joan counts on horseback and badminton instead of fewer calories to keep her 122 pounds just so. Takes piano lessons tho she's been a whiz on the accordion since she was 6. Currently she's denying all Errol Flynn rumors.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A *Picnic!*



Off to the California wilds with Denny Morgan and cinemachums for a baseball skirmish and weenie roast with a dash of woo!





2. Bango! Gang loaded up at Carson's, trekked to Griffith Park. Spot Denny, Julie Bishop, Kay St. Germaine and Spouse Jack Carson, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens at left?

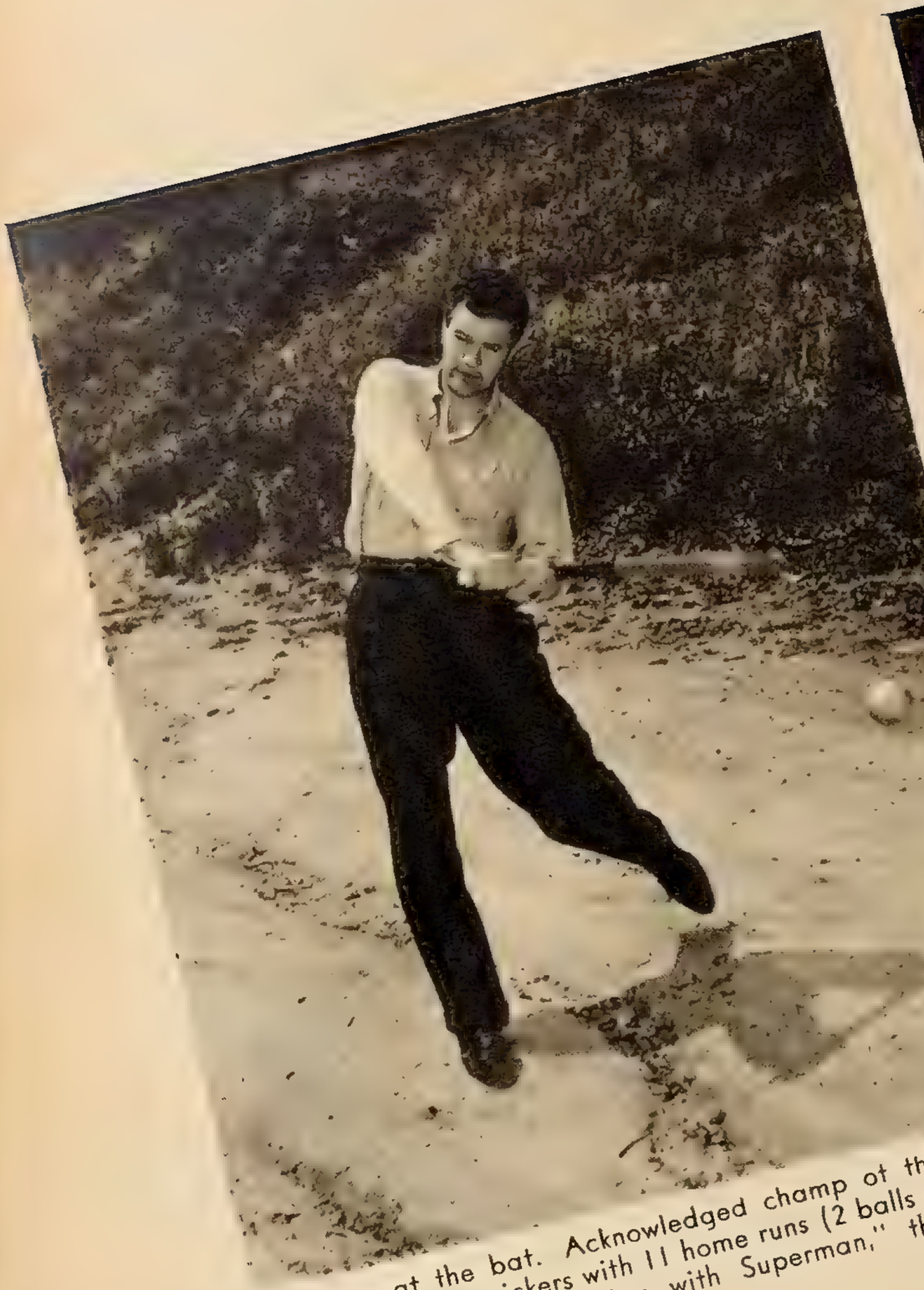


3. Warming up! Julie (catcher), Alexis (batter), Kay (pitcher) and Denny (umpire) worked up a baseball game! Denny's cinematically scoring in "Wings for the Eagle."



4. Strike! When Julie missed the ball, Alex's mitts took a terrific beating. Both gals showed up at Carson's early in the morn to help Mrs. C. make sliced chicken sandwiches.

CONTINUED ➡



5. Denny at the bat. Acknowledged champ of the town, he flabbergasted picnickers with 11 home runs (2 balls were batted to oblivion). "Like playing with Superman," they gasped!



6. Oops! Despite gallons of pop and milk, Julie quenched her thirst the hard way! When army caravan rumbled thru, she and Alex scooted up a tree, gave boys the glad eye!



11. "Ohhhh, he floats through the air—" After lunch they all sprawled out on Carson's blanket and screamed old-time favorites at the top of their lungs, under Denny's baton!



12. Game! After Craig trounced Julie and Alex at "Victory Rummy" he and A. (those love birds!) climbed a tree to woo, serenaded by Denny's "Don't Sit Under . . ." Later stole off and rode a wicked merry-go-round!



7. Fanning the flames! Dennis hadn't set an open fire since his Boy Scout days in Wis., tried to strut his stuff by starting it without paper. (It wouldn't catch!) Was unmercifully heckled by Carson who didn't lift a finger!



8. Knock! Knock! Dennis egged Alex on to crack hard-boileds on Craig's noggin'! Everyone was so chock full of weenies when they sat down, they horseplayed thru lunch!



9. Dennis and Craig crammed toasted marshmallows down starlet Julie's throat, hung their heads in shame when she came down with an acute tummy-ache. Later poor J. lay down for a few winks, awoke literally crawling with ants!



10. Mrs. Carson wiped Dennis' weenie-smeared puss off under a spigot, prior to settling down to a chat on babies. His third's en route; her first (a boy) arrived last Fall.



13. Yum! Yum! Just before leaving, Carson and Denny pounced on an apple simmering in the coals. Despite menu of hot dogs, rolls, sandwiches and marshmallows galore, ravenous Denny downed apple and pint of milk on the ride back!



14. Going home! Playing hard since 10 A.M., the crowd called it quits at 4 P.M., piled three deep in Carson's coupe, drove 1/2 hr. to H'wood from the 3800-acre park!



Actress, magazine editor, Jane's an author, too. Thought up "Small Town Deb," was paid $3,000 by studio. Fictitious "Jerrie Walters" was credited.

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

jivin' jane

Oh, Mom! They're making eyes at her!

But Wild Indian Jane Withers won't surrender to the smoochers *yet!*

At sixteen, a girl leads a dub-dub-double life. She lives the honest-to-Pete existence of her gang, a very groovy gang of course, absotively hep. But she also dwells in a kingdom of dreams, a misty, enchanted land through which a knight goes riding on a curveting white horse.

She goes jitter-bugging with Pep, or night-clubbing with A C., but she comes home to leaf quickly through an enormous scrapbook of the doings of George Montgomery. She turns off the light and wanders into her playroom where moonlight splashes across the floor. From the playroom French doors, she can look down on the expanse of the U.C.L.A. campus and the glittering lights of Westwood. Next year at this time, she will be a co-ed over there. And George . . . where will George be? At war, perhaps? She has flashing visions of great deeds of valor—long newspaper stories with pictures that can be pasted in that scrapbook—and she hugs herself, shivering. Her eyes bright with unexplainable tears, she tiptoes off to her huge, satin-covered bed, to dream a jumble of parties and the rumba, of a shady bridle path and a lost earring.

Jane Withers was 16 on April 12 this year, but she had her first date, without her mother accompanying, on New Year's night, 1942. It was a triumphal beginning with a slim, courtly young man named A. C. Lyles, Jr. Everyone in Hollywood knows A C and likes him, and A C returns the compliment with gusto and fine Southern manners.

Jane first met him four years ago when he was an 18-year-old reporter sent out to cover the movie scene by the Jacksonville (Florida) Journal. He was escorted by a publicity man over to the Withers set where he met a black-haired (*Continued on following page*)



Wasn't 'til near her 16th birthday that mom permitted unchaperoned dates. Jane and Buddy Pepper grinned at "Citizen Kane" premiere last year. Mrs. W., behind, grinned along, too.



Opening gun of Jane's freedom from chaperonage was fired by publicity man and heavy dater A. C. Lyles, Jr. They celebrated his birthday at the Mocambo, danced long, talked late.



After she finished work on Rep.'s "Johnny Doughboy," whiz-gal Withers appeared around town with none but the suave. Handsome Bob Cornell vied with Lyles for first place, lost out.

hoyden right in the midst of the brat cycle.

"Do you know the soup song?" she demanded.

Mr. Lyles did not.

"Consomme, My Melancholy Baby," shrieked Jane. "Do you know Chester?"

"Chester who?" asked the dutiful Mr. Lyles.

"Chester Song at Twilight," said Jane, uttering a sound akin to the triumphant blast of a locomotive rounding a downgrade curve.

"I'll be back," announced Mr. Lyles, "when you're grown up."

By January 1, 1942, one glance at Jane's magnificent pompadour (slightly hennaed by the studio for her part in "The Mad Martindales") and her blooming curves would have convinced any boy that NOW was the time to ask for a date.

A C—Southern gentleman to his finger-tips—telephoned Mrs. Withers and asked if he might invite Jane to go dancing New Year's night. Now Mrs. Withers has an X-ray eye for the virtues of potential friends of Jane. She said, "Surely, Mr. Lyles, just a moment and I'll call Jane." And when Jane hung up, Mrs. Withers said, "I like that young man. I believe I'll stay at home New Year's night, and you have your date alone, provided you're home at midnight."

Jane whooped, whirled and gave her mother a bear hug. "Mrs. Withers," she said, "you're a wonderful mother, my good woman."

Clothes, clothes. She rushed to the closet to make the astounding discovery that She Didn't Have A Thing To Wear. Mrs. Withers pointed out that the turquoise chiffon would be nice. Jane tried it on. "It's too limpy skimpy. No zing."

"How about this turquoise taffeta?"

Jane squirmed out the chiffon and into the taffeta. She scowled at the mirror. "Look at that skirt! Too fluffy-wuffy—I look like the Ides of March in a school pageant."

Mrs. Withers extracted a white starched lace dress. "There's always this lovely little number," she said with a straight face.

Jane's howl out-coyoted a coyote on a zero night. "How could you!" she yelped. The white starched lace dress has a history. The first time Jane wore it, she and Buddy Pepper, and a group including Mrs. Withers, went to Earl Carroll's. At the time, the producer of "Small Town Deb" was looking for a boy to play opposite Jane, and Jane had been in a brain-bust, trying to think of ways of getting the part for Buddy Pepper.

When the music started, Jane and Buddy made for the dance floor. As Jane entered the aisle between tables she spied her producer at a ringside seat. Clutching Pep's arm she hissed, "As we go by, I'll speak, and you turn and smile. Pack that grin with personality, Pal!"

Jane's starched white lace dress swished along the carpets and Buddy's eyes frisked the face of the producer for signs of being Pepper conscious. As the pair drew opposite the producer's table, Buddy misstepped, lost his balance, clutched Jane and PUT A FOOT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SKIRT OF HER DRESS. The poised and pleasant smile never left his face. He and Jane, beaming upon each other, got themselves unconnected, swung around with great nonchalance and went back up the stairs. P.S. Buddy got the part.

But Jane had lost confidence in the dress. "No, something awful might happen to me if I wore it," she said. "Besides, it just doesn't have enough oomph for New Year's night."

It was then December 31st at two in the afternoon, but Mrs. Withers telephoned several of Jane's favorite shops to ask what sort of party dresses were available. Jane usually wears sample (*Continued on page 72*)



While honorary mayor-ing Cleveland, she campaigned for a "Be kind to animals" ordinance that's still in effect. Collected $5,000 insurance when her doll colony was blitzed by moths!



Janie answers every scrap of fan mail personally. Lives in a 4-acre home. Has top floor all to herself—living-room, frilly bedroom and rumpus room complete with dance floor, kitchen.


Tyrone Power



By JEAN KINKEAD

YOUNG MAN WITH A SOUL

Keep your eye on this '42 Ford. Glenn eats like a thresher and dances like a lug—but just watch this model shift into high gear with Joan Crawford!

Funny lad, Glenn Ford. He'd rather talk than eat, but he just won't give on one fascinating subject—Mr. Ford. What's he doing about the war, his current love-life—everything you're dying to know—is just what he's dead quiet about. By a little strategic quizzing here and there, we've finally gotten a pretty good picture of the mystery guy and, say, we kind of like him.

Every time you turn around, you see a picture of some movie cnap in an Army or Navy uniform. The lad you don't see is Glenn Ford, and what with his looking so terrifically draftable and all, you don't get it. Ask him about it, and he gives you the dead-pan. Well, he too has a snappy uniform, gals. He enlisted in the Coast Guard months and months ago. Why no pictures? Just listen.

Recently the photographer from an important Los Angeles newspaper was down at the harbor, snapping war preparedness pictures, and he happened upon Glenn in his elegant ensign's uniform. "Hey, skipper, how about posing for a couple of pictures?" he asked.

Glenn squinted against the brilliant (*Continued on page 90*)



Mamma Ford lives with only son Glenn. Hometown Glenford, Can., built its first movie house in his honor!



Cherishes his tires and drives only on state occasions. Sold motorcycle when neighbors complained of noise.



Ever since his hip-hip-hooray trip home, 14 of Glenn's folks have planned to return the call. They think all stars live in mansions! Next pic's "Flight Lt."


Gene E. Tierney


Robert Stack

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A *Date*

Hollywood suitors will *die* when they read what tattle-tales Darnell, Withers, Alexis Smith and Janet Blair have to say about 'em!

Their names are Janet and Linda, Jane and Alexis. Their ages run from sixteen to twenty-one. All four said their dress-up dates are few and far between since we went to war. All four said they hardly ever keep the guy waiting. (When we questioned the guys a couple of months ago, all four said the girl is yet to be born who doesn't enjoy making a man wait!) Three hate crowded dance floors. None of them drinks. We didn't pick them that way, it just happened. Try picking four kids at random in your own town, see if you get as high a non-batting average, and don't throw bricks at Hollywood.

For the rest, their routines vary. Boil 'em down though, and you'll find that a glamour gal's evening out has a reminiscent flavor. If you can't think what it reminds you of, I'll tell you. Your own date the other night with Jim.

* * *

When Linda Darnell goes out dancing these days, it's often with Alan Gordon, the young publicist, and it's strictly for laughs. Whatever you may hear to the contrary, they're not altar-minded. He 'phones for the date three or four days ahead, and mostly they go to small places where people don't dress. But we'll take one of their rare Saturday formals at the Mocambo, just to see what it's like.

Linda allows an hour and a half for primping, lays out her clothes and picks the dress she wore longest ago. Two of her formals are black, four white, one flame-red, and there's one slim darling of red lace cascading over black. Red and white are her favorite colors.

After scrubbing her face and showering, she uses cologne. A powder base if they're going to one of those caverns where candlelight tends to wash you out. Then a film of dark make-up. For evening, her rouge is moist and darker than by day, her mascara a little heavier, her lipstick deeper. She wears her hair in a high pompadour with a bun at the back and sometimes slips a white Juliet cap of rhinestones over the bun. *Moment Supreme* is her pet perfume, and she carries a purse-size flaçon with her to freshen up. Alan brings her a red camellia—which she'd rather have than an orchid any old day—she fastens it into her hair, picks up her white fox wrap and they're off for some gala Hollywood celebrating.

Her own simple description of such an evening is, "I sit and stuff, and I dance my fool head off." As between food and the light fantastic, Linda couldn't choose. She dines lightly on seafood cocktail, green salad with a tangy dressing, the Mocambo's wonderful top sirloin with mushrooms and two desserts. Later on she'll have a parfait. She dances it all off, however. Alan's an artist at the rumba. *And* the waltz. The floor's too crowded for waltzing though, and Linda vows that if she ever marries and her husband's a producer, she'll nag him into a terrific ballroom scene for every picture and go floating alone over thousands of feet of film.

She dances only with Alan. After all, he paid the cover charge. "Good night, Little Bit," says Alan at the door and kisses her sweetly like a brother. She has her own method of coping with wolves who take kissing for granted. "Good night, thanks loads, had a perfectly lovely time," says Linda, and bang goes the door. (*Continued on page 43*)



When Alan Gordon and Linda Darnell go dancing, they come home promptly on the dot of 1 A.M. (She's usually exhausted by then.) Alan's running stiff competition to ace-cameraman Pev Marley!

Besides merry-go-rounding, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens ice-skate, bowl, play badminton, spectate football . . . and romance!



Jane and best friend Jeanne Howlett with swains, A. C. Lyles and Freddie Bartholomew. Gals used to live next door to each other.

By CYNTHIA MILLER


Ann Sheridan

Her dates with Eddie Albert are different. Each has proven a revelation to the other. Eddie marvels that a girl can be eighteen and have so much sense. Linda wonders how an actor can be so unactorish. Going out with Eddie, she wears slacks or a sweater and skirt, and her hair casual. "Hey, what are you trying to be, little Miss Glamour Girl?" he wanted to know once, when she had it fixed fancy. So she went back and combed it out.

They never go where photographers are. She doesn't even know if he dances. Come to think of it, of course he does, he danced on the stage, but he's never danced with her. He doesn't bring flowers, except that he may buy a gardenia if they go to Chinatown, but that's strictly for the sake of the kids who sell them. She was enchanted the first time he took her to *Bublichki.* He knows Papa and Mama Bublichki and he talks a little Russian, and very softly in the candlelight he sang those wonderful Russian songs to the gypsy music.

The best part of being with Eddie is the sense of her mind growing and stretching. Once he asked her to his house for dinner. The other guests included a geologist, an explorer, a mathematician. They talked about Chinese lyric poetry and the lost continent of Mu. She's never known such an exciting evening.

But mostly they go to *El Cholo,* a small Mexican restaurant at Pico and Western. Eddie knows all the Mexicans in town. They both speak Spanish, they both love Mexican food and they tackle everything in sight—tostados, tacos, fried beans, enchiladas, tamales. Eddie got his first jolt on discovering that Linda felt the same kind of interest in trilobites that most girls feel in movie stars. Geology's been a passion with her from childhood. She also has a thirst to learn. He tells her about the stars and how to catch octopods. When he heard that she planned to enroll at UCLA in the fall, he said, "Don't. With due respect to college, you'll get yourself into a clambake. Like it or not, they'll elect you the campus cutie. Read all the books at my house and listen to all the music, and you'll learn more in a year than in five at college."

They're both dreamers, so they sit and dream together. He does most of the talking, since he's been around more. She contributes her bit. About her mountain, for instance—the faraway hill in her mind which she climbs when things get mixed up. Up there she finds a truer perspective on people and problems, gets a feeling of peace. Sounds silly, she thinks, but it works. Eddie thinks it sounds like wisdom beyond her years.

If it's not too late, he goes home with her, they drink pot after pot of Mexican chocolate and listen to the gypsy and Mexican records he sends her. The chocolate comes in patties that have to be ground and pounded. "Woman," says Eddie, "your place is in the kitchen." So she pounds while he takes the easy job of stirring, the jerk.

Once he told her about John Northpole and his other Portuguese fishermen friends down the coast, of the strapping women and their lusty songs and how they drink wine out of goatskins. "I'd love to meet them," said Linda, and he kind of shut up. When she asked about them, he'd answer briefly and change the subject. At length she caught on. He'd have to know her a lot better before he took her down there. Palm off some glamour puss on his friends? Not Eddie! Now she's trying so hard to be good and smart, so he won't be ashamed to introduce her to John Northpole.

Romance? "Shucks, he's never so much as held my hand," says Linda.

* * *

Jane Withers has been allowed to go out with boys since her sixteenth birthday, but the Withers chauffeur drives them. Those she dates most are Freddie Bartholomew, A. C. Lyles, a young Southerner on Paramount's publicity staff, and Buddy Pepper, though he's been out of town lately. She and Freddie, AC and Jeanne Howlett, her best friend, often double-date. To split the use of tires, AC calls for Jeanne who lives nearby and drives her to Freddie's, who takes it up from there. AC stands for Andrew Craddock but even his mother calls him AC. He calls Jane Chuck.

It takes something superspecial for Jane to get out on week nights. Friday and Saturday she's free to make dates. Often it's a jive session at somebody's house—Tim Taylor's or the Lloyd girls'. Whoever takes her, she dances with all the boys. If you dance with just one, you don't get the news. She's strictly at the pal stage, thinks handholding's silly, and one nervy boy who tried to kiss her hasn't been out to the house since. (*Continued on page 83*)



Janet Blair started dating Lamarr's ex-suitor John Howard shortly after Hedy's engagement to Geo. Montgomery. J. says most of her proposals come from fans, via the mails!



MED. SHOT—TRAVELING WITH KATINA AND SVERDRUP as they dance. Jimmy enters and touches her on the shoulder. Katina turns and breaks into a happy smile.



JIMMY: "For you, honey . . . I'll say anything."

SLIP (also to Katina): "And if he doesn't, you can depend on me."



SLIP (pointing to his heart romantically): "It started right here."

KATINA: "It did? I'll get you some bicarbonate."

"Iceland

By ROSEMARY LAYNG AND KAY HARDY

Takes more than icy blasts to send chills tingling down leatherneck Johnny Payne's spine! And Sonja Henie's the gal to do it!

STORY The Marines had landed.

Private Slip Riggs jammed on the brakes, cursed slightly and brought the jeep to a stop two inches from the fender of the coupe that had turned into the line of march. The harsh Icelandic wind whistled down the streets of Reykjavik; snow dotted the roofs of the houses. Private Riggs glared at the coupe.

Then the girl stepped out of the car and the Private said "Oh, oh," to himself, straightened his tie and prepared to step out to meet the population of Iceland. The girl was blonde—definitely. Blue eyes? A little hard to tell because of the light. Figure? Yes. "Oh, oh," said Private Riggs to himself again; but just then the Corporal's hand tapped him on the shoulder and the Corporal's voice said: "I'll take care of this, Slip."

After years of soldiering with Corporal Jimmy Murfin,



ADELE (sweetly to Katina): "Oh, don't mind us. Jimmy and I are still practically engaged . . . (to Jimmy) aren't we, darling?"



PAPA (in alarm): "What's the matter? Is he angry?"

KATINA (not very convincingly): "Oh, no. He's tickled to death."



JIMMY: "You know, honey, at that, there's something about getting married that's sort of sentimental."

KATINA (hopefully): "Yes, there is . . . if you make up your mind to do it."



KATINA: "Don't come near me."

JIMMY (repressing a smile): "Now isn't that nice? After all if you don't want your family to catch on, I'll have to pretend to be a husband, won't I?"

Slip had learned never to argue with him about steaks or girls. Jimmy got the best steaks, and Jimmy got the best girls. There was something about the way Jimmy crooked his finger at a waiter; with a girl he didn't even have to bother to do that. Quite definitely, there was something about Corporal Murfin, the whole (*Continued on page 80*)

PRODUCTION Ice-skating is really very simple, John Payne kept telling himself. You just put on a pair of skates, stand up, then move forward first on one foot, then on the other. Nothing to it. The secret of the whole thing, he decided, was rhythm. After work one day, he waited 'til everyone had left the rink and proceeded to put his theories into practice. Result: Three falls in three minutes, aching muscles and doubled respect for Sonja Henie's talent.

Jack Oakie, orchestra leader Sammy Kaye and Director Bruce Humberstone also suffered from sudden contact with the frozen H_2O. Oakie, cutting up a few touches between scenes, ventured out on the ice and fell flat on his happy, smiling face in literally no time. Enthused about making his first motion picture, Kaye wanted to try everything, including skating with the chorus. Wound up with bruises and skid burns.

The "Dangerous! Positively No Skating" sign didn't go up, however, until Director Humberstone made the mistake of running across the ice one day—his heels clicked two feet above the ground at the exact moment his noggin knocked the floor of the rink. From that day on, no one was allowed to set foot on the ice unless accompanied by a silver loving cup attesting to his ability on steel runners!

While Sonja was still on tour, (*Continued on page 89*)

GOOD NEWS

By SYLVIA KAHN



Total proceeds of Victory Night at Ice Capades premiere went to charity. Ann Sothern with Romero at Pan Pacific Auditorium.



Among the 28-ice-bound numbers were strip tease, jitter-bugging and comic cycling. Linda Darnell and Dick Derr watched Red McCarthy whiz by 50 m.p.h!



Milt Berle took the missus to Mocambo for "escape" from her war work. She's a sergeant in ambulance corps, and he's scared stiff she'll be called to service!



Merle Oberon and Fredric March created a stir at Mocambo when they waltzed in with a party. Merle (now Lady Korda since King of England knighted hubby Alex) constantly requested "Marie."

Gypsy Rose Lee an air-raid warden. John Payne birthday gifts Sheila Ryan with gun! Bette Davis denies divorce rumors!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Mon., June 15th: Lunched with Jerry Asher at Warners'. Alex Smith stopped by en route to her Cynthia Miller interview. Poor Smith! Celebrating her 21st birthday and trying to look happy, in spite of an infected wisdom tooth. Spent her lunch hour having it lanced and couldn't eat any of the birthday cake presented to her by the cast of "Gentlemen Jim."

Set-visited with Brenda Marshall who's working with George Brent in "You Can't Escape Forever." Brenda insists that despite newspaper reports, she and Annie Sheridan will not live together when Brent leaves for his post in the air corps. Brenda's spending her evenings sitting for her portrait by Paul Clemens, who's just finished a miniature of Greer Garson.

Ran into Dennis Morgan, in costume for his role in "The Desert Song." Dennis was off to phone his wife, currently hospitalized awaiting the newest Morgan heir. The perfect husband, Dennis goes down to the hospital every evening to have dinner with his spouse.

The "No Visitors" sign was up on the Errol Flynn "Gentleman Jim" set, but Mr. F. let down the barriers, and we were invited in. First person we spotted was Ronald Reagan (pardon, diary—Lieut. Ronald Reagan) whom we had mentally placed in San Francisco. "How come?" we asked. "Transferred to the Public Relations department of the Army Air Corps," he answered. "Stationed at Burbank. I'm as surprised as you are." No, he doesn't think he'll be making movie shorts.

Talked to Alexis again. Her romance with Craig Stevens is taking a beating because of the tire situation. She and her father bought a house in Glendale close to Pop Smith's office. And Craig lives 18 miles away in Beverly Hills! They're busy trying to arrange an in-between meeting place.

Thurs., June 18th: Arrived at RKO's "Sweet and Hot" set just in time to watch Lupe Velez being introduced to Vic Mature. Everyone stood around waiting for something exciting to happen. Nothing did. Mature was polite. Lupe ditto. What no one seemed to know (and what Lupe and Vic are probably trying to forget) is that the two had quite a romance several years ago!

In the commissary at noon, Vic and Michele Morgan spent their lunch hour gazing into each other's eyes. However, Vic's real heart



When Gene Tierney and Count Cassini drove up late at Ice Capades, a crowd of 2,000 fans surged on them. Police and employees rescued them, made pathway to auditorium!

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

throb is Rita Hayworth, who makes her home about two blocks from his.

Met Mapy Cortes, RKO's little Mexican import. Mapy tells me Mature chases her around the set, corners her in back of a hunk of scenery, does nothing, then screams feminine-like, imitating her as he thinks she'd sound if she were being attacked. She's used to those serious Latin lovers and doesn't appreciate Vic's clowning. Mapy likes 'Ollywood, says it's much more fun making pictures here than in Mexico, where you sometimes have to work 36 hours at a time.

Wed., June 24th: Whipped out to Metro for Ida Zeitlin's interview with Bob Taylor. Lunched with Bob in his dressing room. His hair was plastered flat on his head for a water scene in "Cargo of Innocents." Couldn't comb it, either, because it had to match the next scene. Ida and I ordered up lavishly, but Bob ate only a light salad. He always lunches like a sparrow 'cause he likes to be good and hungry for dinner.

Later watched Red Skelton working in "Whistling in Dixie" with Ann Rutherford and Diana Lewis. Diana was busily knitting a sweater twice as big as herself for her stepson, Bill Powell's boy, who just graduated from Hollywood High and is headed for Princeton.

Red still refuses to discuss the unpublicized shows he puts on for the boys in the service. But I've talked to some of the lads Red's entertained, and I know what a grand job he's doing. If he learns of some out-of-the-way anti-aircraft battery station where only three boys are on duty, he'll spend an entire evening with them going through the same routine he uses before an audience of 300.

Sat., June 27th: Over to Westmore's and met a close friend of Bette Davis. Understand Bette is wretched about those divorce rumors. It amazes her that anyone, in these times, would bother to create and spread such malicious gossip. There's nothing wrong with the Farnsworth marriage, and it makes Bette ill whenever anyone mentions the possibility of a separation.

Dinner danced at the Palladium. Saw Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, living contradiction of all that talk about *their* separation.

Stopped by Schwab's for midnight hot chocolate. Bill Lundigan was sitting around sipping a soda when in walked ex-girl friend Margaret Lindsay. Those of us who expected a dramatic outburst were disappointed. Bill and Maggie hadn't seen each other for a long, long time, but they just chatted merrily and then went their separate ways.



Rumors persist that Mickey and Ava Rooney will be pappa-ing and mamma-ing it. They're both Freddie Martin devotees, went to cheer him at the Grove. Ava's back from a visit to her sick mom in N. C.



Franchot Tone never fails to keep spouse Jean Wallace amused. They're house hunting for a nest with nursery. 'Tis reported they'll be three in Nov.



Bouncing to Harry James' superior boogie beat at Palladium—piano man Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers just before she left on bond selling tour. Freddie, 18, will register in the draft.

Wed. July 1st: To Republic for a look-see at "Flying Tigers." Johnny Carroll, in uniform for the picture, expects to be called for actual service within the month. Spends most of his free time working out with his huge gun collection, getting his own basic training. (Saw John later in a drug store. A cab driver stared at him for about five minutes, then turned to me and said, "Aw, I don't think that Victor Mature guy is so good-looking!")

John Wayne sauntered over and began to deny those divorce rumors before I even broached them. Since his wife went east for her sister's marriage, the gossips are having a field day. John's a new ranch owner, and he's exploding with enthusiasm about his hogs. Has the best grunters on the market and gets top prices for 'em! After describing the place down to its last thumb-tack and blade of grass, he confessed he's been working so steadily since he bought it, he's only spent one day there himself!

Gabbed a bit with an authentic Flying Tiger—Ken Sanger, who's acting as technical adviser on the picture. Sanger's on sick leave from the service having picked up a troublesome case of fever that blanks him out every now and then. His partner, Larry Moore, is in the throes of a torrid romance with Comedienne Judy Canova, who apparently has a weakness for uniforms and staunch, brave hearts.



Marjorie Woodworth felt to home at the hayseed Lum and Abner premiere with James Craig and Jane Russell. Has owned her own nag since she was a kid!

Fri. July 3rd: Stopped in at the Warner Bros. portrait gallery to watch Jack Benny, costumed as George Washington, and Ann Sheridan, outfitted as Martha Washington, posing for stills for "G. W. Slept Here." Benny sniffled pathetically all afternoon. Although he's spent months working opposite the torrid Annie, he's had head cold after head cold throughout the production. Says the day the picture is completed, he'll hie himself to Lake Arrowhead for a complete rest. "And when I leave the hotel, they'll probably hang a sign on the door reading 'Jack Benny Slept Here'!"

Mon. July 6th: Lunched in the Green Room with Kaaren Pieck and Joan Leslie, who looked very beautiful, dressed in a blue gabardine suit, and with hair elaborately done for "The Hard Way." As Joan stabbed into her roast beef, her jacket sleeve pulled up and I gulped at the sight of the high water mark just above her wrist. No, dear diary, Joan isn't afraid of soap and water. She had body make-up on and hadn't taken the time to wash it off anything except her hands.

That Southern hospitality stuff is no bunk when you're visiting Miss Janie Withers of Geo'gia! Had a wonderful time in Janie's playroom while Fredda Dudley popped question after question at little Miss W., who, incidentally, is one of the most interview-able people in the world. Jane's dark hair was encased in a snood, as it usually is these days. When she slipped on the set of "The Mad Martindales" several months ago, and banged her head, gobs of hair were cut away so the doctor could get at the injury. The snood helps conceal what Janie calls her "bald spot."

Didja Know

That Betty Field (Mrs. Elmer Rice) will become both a mother and a grandmother this year! Her baby is due in November, about the same time her step-daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Rice, introduces a new citizen. . . . That Lady Merle Oberon isn't the highest ranking British lady in Hollywood? Dame May Whitty has that honor. . . . That the Army is considering a plan to furlough movie stars in the service when they are needed for special Hollywood roles. . . . That Maria Manton, new Paramount starlet, is Marlene Dietrich's 17-year-old chee-ild. . . . That Brenda Joyce will be an October mammy? She'll recess from film work till the great event occurs. . . . That 20th Century-Fox will name its artificial pond Lake Power in honor of Ty who's Navy-bound. . . . That Sheila Ryan received four watches on her birthday? And that one came from David May, Ann Rutherford's steadiest beau! . . . That Sheila's gifts from John Payne include a pair of heart-shaped earrings and a 45-caliber revolver—the latter to serve as protection against house-breakers (*Continued on page* **92**)

Rehearsing for Victory Caravan at Par.—Colbert and Boyer. She's renting a N. Y. apt., near hubby Pressman on Naval duty.

Sentimental Gentleman

He's a softie with the wimmin, but

nothing melts him faster than a

barrelhouse boogie or a triple-tongue trill!

Tommy Dorsey's the chap who ran a slide trombone into a million dollars.

He is an unpredictable, strictly individual guy who fights with his brother, arranges a benefit for a former colleague, orders his band out of a bus to walk, buys suits five at a time, and refuses to advertise in trade papers. He has his own music publishing company, wishes he could meet Joe Palooka, cheers the Yankees like a ten-year-old and likes his music straight, without funny costumes, fancy backdrops and quizzes sandwiched in.

He lays off eight weeks a year because, come March 15, seventy per cent of his income goes to Uncle Sam.

"The eight-week layoff isn't hard to take," says T.D. "We spread 'em through the year, and after a long run at the Paramount or a heavy schedule cutting records, it's good for the boys to take it easy for a week. Gives 'em a vacation. Keeps 'em fresh and in there sending."

Tommy's whirlwind romance, Lana Turner, blew in the night he opened at Palladium (below). Recently gave her a baguette diamond cross.



By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Dorsey isn't a Simon Legree with his band. As long as the teamwork is good while they're performing, he doesn't care what they do on their own, what time they get up or how many eye-openers are necessary. Ziggy Elman, his right hand man who leads the band when T.D. is table-hopping, can play pinochle until noon or spend the wee sma' hours using his candid camera in Fifty-Second Street hot spots. Buddy Rich, the kid drummer, can drive his special body Lincoln as fast through Park Avenue traffic as he likes; Tommy will even bail him out if the law catches up with him. Everything is on the upbeat as long as the music is sweet when the couvert is on.

Tommy is a high-liver himself. Admits it. Give him a thick steak, a bottle of Burgundy and a pretty girl, and he won't bother you. But the steak must be rare, or back it goes. And the wine must be room temperature or Dorsey will get temperamental. And the head must not wear a funny hat or too much lipstick, or she won't be asked again.

In Bernardsville, N. J., Tommy has a country estate that would make a movie mogul gasp. There is not one swimming pool, there are two. There are horses, show dogs, a private rehearsal hall from which he broadcasts upon occasion, and enough rooms to sleep his entourage of thirty any night in the week. There is a miniature movie theater and bar attached. There are buttons to be pushed for service, and there is service. T.D. lives high, wide and handsome.

Married young, divorced, Tommy has a boy seventeen and a girl a couple of years younger, who think Pop plays a mean trombone.

T.D. is known as a fast man with a buck. He doesn't gamble unless he's playing a dance at Saratoga or Belmont, and the horses run right past the bandstand. Or if the layout he's booked for has a game of chance room adjoining, he might risk a century on the red between dance sets. Or if those Yankees are in the lead in the seventh, and the opposition starts a batting streak, he'll still take the Yanks to win. But he doesn't gamble the way some of the boys in the money toss it away. However, he is still a speedy man with a bankroll.

His general factotum, Leonard Vannerson, had a couple of friends in the service, in California. One had been a cutter at Warners' and the other designed sets. On leave, they were anxious (*Continued on page 68*)



When Jimmy and Tommy were kids their pop made them practise until they were blue in the face. T. started on the sax, soon switched to trombone!



When Goodman opened at Meadowbrook, Tommy was on hand to heckle the King. Since making the strictly hep "Ship Ahoy" for M-G-M, he's signed for a repeat performance.



T. D.'s fans range from Mickey Rooney to Leopold Stokowski, who gave Tommy the thrill of his life when he requested 10 numbers at the Palladium!

What's new under

Wear a new coif for fall! Here are the rules that will help you choose the style that will do most for you.

Before you buy your new fall bonnet, give some thought to the hair that will wear it. You don't want to go through life always looking like last year's snapshot. Help yourself to a new hair-do for fall, 1942!

Dancer Irene Castle revolutionized coiffure fashions during the last world conflict by having her hair bobbed. Her daring act started tongues wagging—and most heads of hair have been waving her fame ever since. Hairdressers are wondering now if history always repeats, and if some startling change in feminine hat racks is lurking on the horizon.

The latest news in hair styles is the short curly coif called by a dozen names—feather cut, three-incher, gamin, baby curl, windblown, and so on down the list. In the original, authentic version, every strand of hair is snipped off at the same distance from the scalp—between three and five inches—and usually cut with a razor. The feathery edges are turned into ringlets with a tight, close permanent, and the result, on the right face, is a bewitching, angelic picture! On the wrong face it looks skimpy and badly groomed—like a stray kitten caught in the rain. So look at your mirror carefully before you decide it's the type for you. Long bobs are flattering to some, short hair to others. Every girl for herself we say—and we're here to help her.

When you pick out your new fall hair-do, match it to your figure, your face and your hats (or the ones you are going to buy). Keep in mind, too, that your hair is your most adaptable feature, and you can move it around to suit a new dress, idea or mood of the moment. Learn to wear it more ways than one. Your friends get tired of seeing the same old haircomb every time you come around! Learn the basic principles of the proper coiffure for you, and then experiment within these limits for new ways and means to get becoming effects.

Choose your hair style in front of a full-view mirror (and the same for your hats of course). If you are tall and slender, don't make yourself into a bean pole with a pompadour set on top of your head. If you are small in stature, don't cut your height by hair flat on top and fluffed out at the sides. Add several inches to your five-feet-two or under, by piling your hair up high and walking around holding your head like a swan.

The amount of hair you show should be in proportion to the size of your face. If yours is large, give it a curly-locks fringe to bring it into balance; hair pulled straight back from ears and eyes makes it look out of proportion. If your face is small, don't wear complicated or fly-away styles or you will look top-heavy. Instead, be delicately young and appealing with hair close to your head. Show your ears if you have pretty ones, to add a couple of inches.

The shape of your face is the next thing to look at. The lucky lady with an oval contour should show it off with hair drawn straight back. But if your particular countenance is too round or too square, break up the outline with swirls or plump curls above the forehead and over the ears. Part your hair to the side . . . never in the middle. Wear it low at the earlobes, and build it up over the forehead. On the other extreme, if your face is long and narrow, don't add to its height with curls perched on top, and don't wear hair falling down limp and straight like a cocker spaniel's ears. Add width to your face with soft curls on the sides, and fullness at the ears. If you can put bangs on your forehead without looking coy or kittenish—swell. They help shorten and broaden the outline.

Now that the comb has done its duty and put your locks where they look best—what about the scissors? Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up director, says, "My plea, and that of every man I know, is for women to dress their hair to suit their age." Hair length has a lot to do with that. As a general rule—the younger set can get away with long, flowing manes, but the older woman slices a few years off her age when she cuts her hair shorter. The shoulder-length is fine on an ingenue, but incongruous on a sophisticated matron. What she needs is hair up and off the neck and slanted back at the sides, to give her face a younger look.

If you decide the new short hair-cut is best for your face and your age, you will want to curl your tresses with a very tight perm. The kind that performs its miracle while wrapped up in a turban and without the discomforts of any heat or heavy machinery, really gets close to the scalp and turns out a mass of ringlets. It's also a good bet for obstinate hair that doesn't like to curl. Its gentle process is kinder to the wig that's been bleached or dried-out or otherwise mistreated.

When you think of your crowning halo, there are two viewpoints we'll bet you overlook. The first is that all-important one—a man's! Most men are taller than you, but how much consideration do you give to the picture of the top of your head? Not enough, we'll warrant! Hair parts are pretty when they are neat and sharply defined—but a menace if they're crooked and straggly.

your hat?

Be sure that yours travels in a straight line, and that it is scrupulously clean and white (cotton wound on an orange) stick and moistened with hair tonic will attend to that). To complete the pleasant scene for your partner on the dance floor, see that the hair on your crown lies smooth and untangled, without any bumps.

The other neglected point of view is the one that the people behind you look at. You have a hand-mirror, don't you? Then use it, my pet. Don't be the girl who never sees the back of her head except when the beauty operator proudly shows it off when she's finished combing a wave. The rear view of some heads looks like a plate of sausages—of others like a rag doll's hank of yarn. Comb and brush the back of yours as generously as the front, and then inspect your handiwork with a critical eye.

Once you get your hair in order, see that it stays that way. Hair lacquer is one of the secrets of many of the Hollywood stars' fresh-from-the-hairdresser look. And it comes in ten-cent bottles! Apply with fingertips or an atomizer, and it will give unruly hair body and sheen. Brilliantine will also help control drooping tresses and prolong their waves and curls. At this time of year, when hair is likely to be wilted by summer sun, it is especially helpful to hold rebellious ends in place.

If you use hair or bobbie pins to keep your coif coiffed, hide them under the ringlets so the public will think it's all done by magic. A great help for invisible hair-holding is a new comb-like retainer. It comes in innumerable shades and sizes, with split teeth which slip softly into place and hold curls, buns or pompadours in a firm but loving grip. This comb-like (*Continued on page 85*)



Laraine Day was one of the first Hollywood stars to adopt the short, curly "Feather-Cut." It is very becoming on her, as you can see. Her next picture, coming soon, is M-G-M's "Journey for Margaret."

HOLLYWOOD HAIR-DO'S



Elizabeth Fraser, Warner starlet, chooses a simple, girlish hair-style.



Ruth Hussey wears a pert, trim hair-do. Her next picture is "Pierre of the Plains."



Jane Frazee has a smart, practical coif. Her next picture is "Get Hep to Love."



Joan Leslie, of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" fame, has hair up in front, down in back.

By Carol Carter

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

	What to Do	What to Use
BRUSHING 	A hundred-or-more strokes each night for beauty-full tresses. Bend over from the waist, for figure exercise, and brush both scalp and your glowing hair with full, even movements.	Hairbrushes should have long, flexible bristles, so they bend with the hair and don't break off or split the very delicate hair ends.
SHAMPOO OFTEN 	How frequently your hair needs a bath, depends on its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin about once a week. Dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Shampoo normal hair every ten days or so.	Don't grab the first shampoo you see! Get one that's mild and lathers easily. If your hair is extra dry or oily, use shampoo with special ingredients added to correct the troublesome condition.
CONDITIONING 	Conditioning starts with the scalp. Massage with the proper tonics or ointments. Apply them after your brushing and knead and "pinch" the scalp to give it stimulation and circulation. That improves hair texture.	Oily hair needs a drying tonic. Dry, frizzy hair requires rich, lubricating oil or cream. For dandruff, the remedy is one of those lotions that help chase it away.
BEFORE YOUR PERM 	A little care beforehand, will insure a soft and lustrous permanent wave. Nightly massage with cream and weekly hot oil treatments put your tresses in a receptive condition to take a much more successful curl.	For the nightly massage, use hair pomade or dry-hair cream. Once a week, an oil treatment hot as you can stand—then tie up your wig in a towel and sleep on it!
REPAIRING SUMMER DAMAGE 	Most everyone discovers by this time of year, that sun's rays dry the hair unmercifully. To overcome a scorched, wilted mop, put your trust in extra brushing, lots of massage and thorough lubricating treatments.	Special duty at the hairbrush and massage with creams, pomade or oil. To make dry ends soft, use brilliantine. To make them stay in place, smooth on hair lacquer.



Veronica Lake's newest pic is "The Glass Key."

Highlights on Hair Beauty . . .

By Carol Carter

How's your crowning glory these days? All set for furloughing with your soldier or sailor sweetheart? The stars in Hollywood set a shining example for you girls all over the country. They spend hours under hot Klieg lights and dazzling sun—yet who has lovelier, more lustrous tresses? Take your hair in tow and start now follow the routines of Veronica Lake, Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and the other screen lovelies you admire. Gleaming hair may not bring you filmdom fame—but you can be sure it will reap rewards in army camps or your own home town.

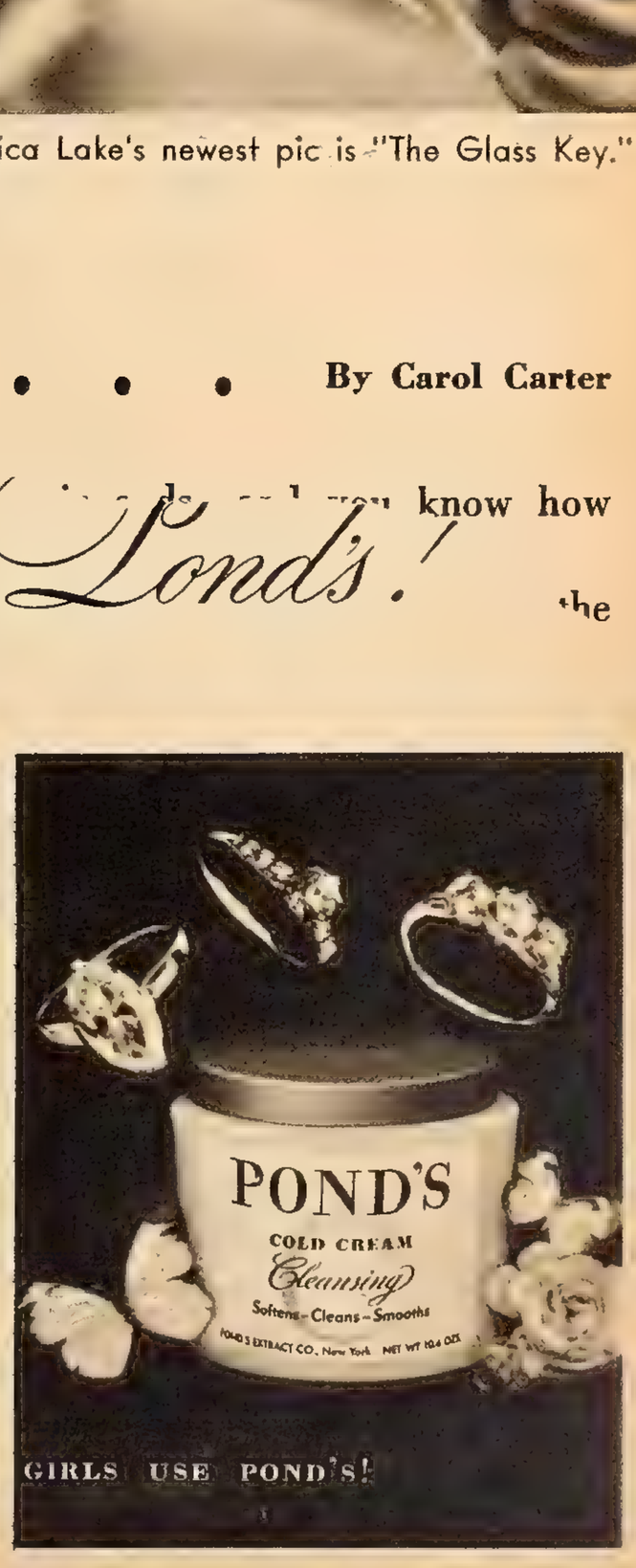
Any Hollywood glamour girl will tell you your hair's best pal is a brush. Make sure that hairbrush of yours means more to you than a tricky ornament for the dressing table. Remember, it's a prime requisite for refining and beautifying your top mop. Be sure, though, that its bristles are long enough for the tips to reach the scalp and remove dead skin or dandruff flakes, and that they're flexible enough to bend with the hair. Bristles that are too short

The uses Lond's!

and firm brea[st] disas[ters] know how the

efully, with gentle little pats, r her face and throat. This lps soften and release dirt and ake-up. She tissues off well. She rinses" with more Pond's. Tis- es off again.

se Pond's every night—and for ne clean-ups. You'll see why isy society leaders like Mrs. acob Astor are Pond's users, nd why more women and l over America use Pond's ny other face cream. Buy a your favorite beauty counter. opular-priced sizes—the most mical the lovely *big* jars.



O MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!



Now that Alice Faye, Sr., has returned to work for the first time since the advent of 3-month-old Alice F. Harris, Jr., (so named 'cause of countless fan mail), 5 army camps have applied to USO for her services if she tours. Plans to come East in August to be with Phil who'll be personal appearance-ing around N. Y.



Face The New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX *Young Red*

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip . . . a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

FOR THE

Back to Books



Carol Bruce, soon to appear in Universal's "Off the Beaten Track," shows just how attractive a priority dress can be. Note buttons instead of zipper. A Freshy original at Russeks, New York, for $8.95. Carol personally likes her clothes conservative, well tailored, but adores red in small doses. As for jewelry, she prefers to dangle her Mexican silver bracelets.



Do a pert George Washington with bright velvet bows from the five and dime.



Match your corduroy suit with Kleinert's campus Sportimers. $2.95

Don't lag in smartness just because there's less of this and none of that for your new fall clothes. Use all the book tricks and then some, to look your spick-and-span freshest. Flaunt your cleverness at making berets, and you'll soon get an "A" reputation for chic accessories. Delve into fabric information and use to your best buying advantage. If a wide-eyed pal asks, "But what is a furlough dress?" answer not too smugly, "Well, it's simpler but more dressed up than the old date dress. Maybe a pastel flannel trimmed with wool lace."



Enhance your bracelet collection with "Forget-me-not," a sterling silver conversation piece, friends' names engraved on the 25c links.



It's news when a sweater is pure wool and only $3.50!! The famous La Conga by Lois Anne includes a bow for the hair.



Begin with a pair of socks from the five and ten, then get a ball of rug yarn, two skeins of embroidery floss and crochet yourself some lounge socks.



Pure cotton in a soft, novelty weave with short sleeves and a contrasting yoke. A Glamour-Knit by Lois Anne for $2.

SEND SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR LOUNGE SOCK INSTRUCTIONS OR FURTHER FASHION INFORMATION



Keep 'em pretty

Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it *stay on*). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!

**The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.*

Jane Withers' next, her first picture for Republic, will be "Johnny Doughboy," a musical comedy.



A velveteen two-piece (Jane steps into all her clothes to save make-up and hair-do) with saucy peplum and white dickey, answers most any problem.

FOR THE MODERN MISS

Smart Sixteen

by Elizabeth Willguss

"Just don't bring on any box coats or bloused effects. I hate them!" confides clothes-wise Jane Withers. Give her a princess line, a perfect fit and tailored styles even for formals and date dresses. It's a small "Jane" on all blouses and robin's-egg-blue lingerie, but a huge JW on lounging pajamas. Still hunting new earrings though she already owns 187 pairs! Adores royal blue, cyclamen, Kelly green. Says a sure cure-all for tiredness is music and color.



Dresses from Loma Leeds, available at your favorite store for only $8.95.



Gold wool and brown velveteen combine for a school-and-after dress.

Burgundy velveteen adds sparkle to a natural colored wool mixture.



All this drama from 3 balls of rug yarn and 3 yards of ribbon!

THINK OF the freshest, loveliest bunch of violets you've ever seen, and there you have it, the pet new shade for wools and faille-trimmed velveteens. Don't confuse with the old-fashioned purple and do dare to add a dash of brilliant cyclamen.

Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for absolutely free instructions on how to make above-shown bag and hat set.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

chlorinated water out of it daily, and supplement the natural oils thus lost with oily tonics and pomade massaged in by night. Wear a turban or a hat if you're going to be in the sun for a number of hours. And if your hair's long and shaggy, for the love of Mike and the rest of the boys, put it up on bobbies or curlers every night.

Freckles: A smattering is cute. Don't touch 'em. If they're colossal and annoying, bleach them with lemon juice, then keep them from coming back by using a powder base and plenty of powder.

Split nails: Prevent them by drying your hands when you come in from swimming and rubbing a rich cream into the nail base every night. And don't forget to drink milk daily.

Girl Over-bored: Vacation is utter bliss for a while, but along about now it palls. You're surfeited with sun and blue skies and perpetual Saturday. Oh for something to do. Ideas!

1. Begin to keep a war scrap book. Devote the opening pages to maps so that you're clear on exactly where everything's happening. Then paste in an account of each day's developments. Think what a trophy the book'll be for your children to flaunt in history class some day!

2. Learn Spanish. If you had either French or Latin in school, it'll be a cinch. In fact, you'll be chattering like a muchacha after twenty-five one hour lessons, we've been told. Inasmuch as Spanish is becoming more and more *the* language both commercially and socially, learn it now while you have the time.

3. If you just haven't the strength for anything as brainy as the foregoing suggestions, amuse yourself by keeping a "him book." It's never too early to begin looking for Mr. Right, and your "him book" will help you spot him. Get a big notebook and allot two or three pages to each boy you go out with. Give his name, age, color of hair and eyes, height and weight, hobbies, outstanding characteristics—and, if possible, paste in a picture of him. Give the date, where you went and what kind of a time you had. Years hence, you'll treasure this volume, and your husband will scream over your analysis of him.

Out of Gas: Your dream guy's no sooner gotten his driving license when doesn't the government gang up on you and ration gasoline, trapping poor you in your back yard for the duration.

Any back yard worthy of the name has room for a badminton net and a miniature golf course. You can get a complete set of the former at any good-sized drug store for about $3. To make the latter, sink nine flower pots into the ground at five-yard intervals. Invest in a few inexpensive putters and golf balls.

And why not a couple of co-ed softball teams? You can play on the school diamond and it's indescribable fun.

Instead of whipping off places to dance of an evening, invent ways to have fun at home. Get one of the boys to dig a hole in one corner of your yard, fill it with charcoal, put a grill over it and voilà—a barbecue pit.

Have an old-fashioned ice cream party. You make the mixture beforehand and let the crowd take turns freezing it.

Have a second childhood for yourself this month with roller-skating parties, hay rides, charades—and bet you'll forget there ever was such a gadget as a car!





SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 51)

to come East to have a celebration. But the short furlough meant train travel and was out. And flying raised the ante too high. So T.D. sent the boys round trip tickets on the T.W.A. He didn't know them. But they were friends of Van. That made it a deal for Tommy.

Last time Tommy went to the stadium to root for Dimag' and the gang, an orphanage had been invited. Treat of the year. So T.D. sent over a thousand hot dogs and a hundred cases of pop. Strictly for a laugh.

His worst extravagance is original in its conception. Tommy likes to buy farms. There are five scattered throughout the Jersey countryside, in addition to the Shangri-la at Bernardsville. One he hasn't even visited since he bought it.

Estimates run close to $200,000 a year for Tommy's end of the band. Less than a third of this is his, after the slice to taxes and alimony. He is loaded with insurance to take care of his old age, annuities and the like. But money is to spend, says Tommy. His manager keeps an eye on income and outgo, often scotching a happy idea of being too extravagant. But occasionally Tommy tells him to leap into the nearest lake. Then doesn't he spend! Tommy has a mind of his own.

There's a dance casino at Lakewood, near Tommy's home town of Shenandoah, Pa., but Vannerson only lets Tommy and the band play there once every five years because it costs the maestro more in handouts than the date nets him.

slip horn heaven . . .

Tommy has definite ideas about bands. Thinks the leader should be a musician; has no use for the vaudeville artist type who turns on the personality and shakes a baton at his men without being able to handle an instrument himself. If he had a dream band playing celestial swing he would start with Artie Shaw and his own Ziggy Elman, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill and brother Jimmy Dorsey. Ziggy he calls the hottest horn in the world. Benny he agrees is in a class by himself. Krupa shades his own Buddy Rich by a beat. Buddy he would carry in his all-star aggregation for extra wham. "Might as well finish the outfit," he remarked when we were mulling it over. Picking up paper and pencil he scratched for a few minutes, coming up with these additions to the names already mentioned:

Jack Jenney, Miff Mole and Jack Teagarden on the trombones.

Harry James trumpeting next to Ziggy.

Freddie Greene and Carmen Maestren on the guitars.

Artie Bernstein and Artie Shapiro on the basses.

Jess Stacey, Joe Bushkin and Teddy Wilson at the pianos.

Tommy is a hard man to work for when recordings are being made. That's where a band's reputation is made and held. When rehearsing for a recording, Tommy drops the carefree manner that characterizes his work on the bandstand. He turns into a stewing, steaming, fretting taskmaster with a talent for invective. Let someone hit a false note and the air gets blue.

One morning when the boys were returning from a suburban date in the Dorsey bus, an argument broke out, tempers grew short, and it wound up with T.D. stopping the vehicle and ordering the boys out. Five miles along the road he cursed himself for a prima donna, turned the bus around and started looking for his musicians.

After rehearsal mistakes are quickly forgotten. The only time Tommy bears a grudge is when he has been double-crossed. Then he remembers until the matter is squared.

square tooter . . .

He is known to be eminently fair with his men. If a member of the unit gets an offer to join another outfit, T.D. first has Vannerson try to meet the offer, within reason. This failing, he lets the musician go with his blessing, and to show that he means it, he takes him back later if things haven't panned out.

He isn't exactly a good mixer, but he carries off the role fairly successfully. At the Astor Roof Tommy makes it a practice of starting a number with the boys, then leaving the bandstand to visit. There will be an arranger for Victor records. Over there is a Broadway star. Back in the corner is a radio tycoon. Important stuff. Tommy makes each stop, orders scotch and soda, drinks a sip, moves on. It makes them feel that he meant to stay longer. It's an angle.

For his Astor engagement he added ten strings—violins—causing a trade paper to crack that he was employing every out-of-work musician on Broadway. "Let 'em have fun," said Tommy. "I like a lot of strings. For sweet."

Then there was the time T.D. and the boys were playing the Strand, and a theatrical trade paper criticized them editorially for horsing too much and not being serious enough while they were on.

"I can't run a Sunday school," says T.D. "The boys fool once in a while, sure. Buddy might tap Ziggy on the head with a drumstick for a laugh. Or Sinatra might get ribbed before he thrushes. But it's good for the boys to keep that light touch."

Ever since they were kids, the brothers Dorsey have scrapped with one another. When they had their own band, it was a case of who would hold the baton. Now that they have top bands of their own, it's a case of rivalry. Every once in a while this flares into fisticuffs. Not long ago Jimmy and his manager visited the Roof to felicitate T.D. on his opening. Before the sun had come up, the boys were throwing knuckles at each other. It has been a friendly feud with truces and brawls alternating.

When T.D. went to Hollywood to make "Ship Ahoy" for M-G-M, one of the cinema capital's most enthusiastic rug-cutters met him at the plane. Tommy didn't know her. He knew who she was, of course; had seen her picture here and there. It may be that the studio publicity department had sent her to the airport to cook up a front-page romance. It may be that the girl just had a feeling for bandsmen. However it happened, and your guess is as good as anybody's, T.D. was welcomed at the airport by Lana Turner.

It started out strictly as a laugh, gradually turned into a modest flicker and wound up in a five-alarm blaze.

Lana took him to her home and played some of her 500 records until dawn. They talked swing and jazz, sweet and hot. They were two rhythm lovers chinning

about their favorite subject. Then at the studio Tommy would find his lunch hour coincided with Lana's. His evenings were free. What better to do than take the little Turner number out to Santa Monica for dinner? That's the way it went. T.D. says Lana is tops. Before he came East they gave each other watches. Most fun he had with her was when she came to New York recently, incognito (although a lot of people knew those legs weren't just an anonymous pair of legs) and stopped at his aunt's apartment in Brooklyn. They went sneaking all over town without being chased, Tommy in dark glasses, and Lana under-made-up to look like a regular Flatbush home girl.

Probably the most romantic part of their month in Hollywood was the moonlit nights that Lana would take Tommy in her sports coupe to the beach, and T.D. would play "Sleepy Lagoon" on his trombone against the sigh of the surf swishing against the shore. "Sleepy Lagoon" is her song. She introduced it to him, played an English recording of it the first night they met and sold him on what a great hit it could be in this country. Whenever you hear Tommy blowing sweet on "Lagoon" you can rest assured he is thinking of Lana. Other girls in his life are associated with other tunes. Not many guys can serenade a girl with five million people listening in. But T.D. can, has and still does.

strictly hep . . .

While he was in Hollywood Tommy saw a lot of Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Hank Fonda, Spencer Tracy and Bing Crosby. He thinks Bing is as good as the fans think him. And he would no more miss a Tracy picture than a Yankee home game.

Follow T.D. down Broadway. He's coming out of the Paramount. A flock of kids surround him for an autograph. Tommy handles a few pencils, kidding as he writes his name with a flourish, then starts for the Astor. The throng hangs about him, giving way to let him greet Howard Dietz of Metro. Conversation over, they eddy about him again, like a convoy. Farther on, Bob Weitman, manager of the Paramount Theater, stops to say "Hello," and the mob eases away. The tide sweeps in on Tommy as he starts to move on.

He is not popular with a lot of people, however, probably because he breaks too many rules and gets away with it. He is cocky, assured, satisfied with life and ready to have another portion. Time never means a thing to him. He will sit around the Roof until five or six in the morning kicking the ball around conversationally. He hasn't any use for swing sessions, pick-up style. He thinks the gutbucket style is outmoded, and he feels that too many third-raters get by on the jive and jitter stuff. First a man must be a musician for T.D., then if he wants to swing or blow sweet or get hot, that's his business. But first he should be able to do it straight and no kibitzing around.

He doesn't care what the reviewers write about him; the columnists don't bother him one way or the other. He doesn't care what rival band-leaders say about him, either, although his ears should ring occasionally. He doesn't believe in advertising his band; lets those records do the talking. The only thing he asks of a reporter is an echo of George M. Cohan's timeless request. "Write what you want about," says Tommy D. "Anything goes. But, for heaven's sake, spell the name right!"



Chin up!...

HOW can a girl deal with trig and trivialities when her brother's out there fighting for freedom? Today, especially, when you feel so dull and droopy you've half a mind to cut a class.

Half a mind is right! . . . you can almost hear Bud making a crack like that! "School's your job, Sis", he wrote. "It's part of the American way we're fighting for"!

Well, if he can fight—you can study! But why not organize an all-school treasure hunt for the scrap material Uncle Sam needs for his win. (*Hey look*—one worn-out tire makes 8 gas masks!)

So you tell Jill your brain-wave . . . that you're getting in the fight come Monday, when you'll feel better. And does she give you a look! "Why be so old fashioned?", she asks. "I thought every girl knew about Kotex sanitary napkins"!

Don't wait until Monday!

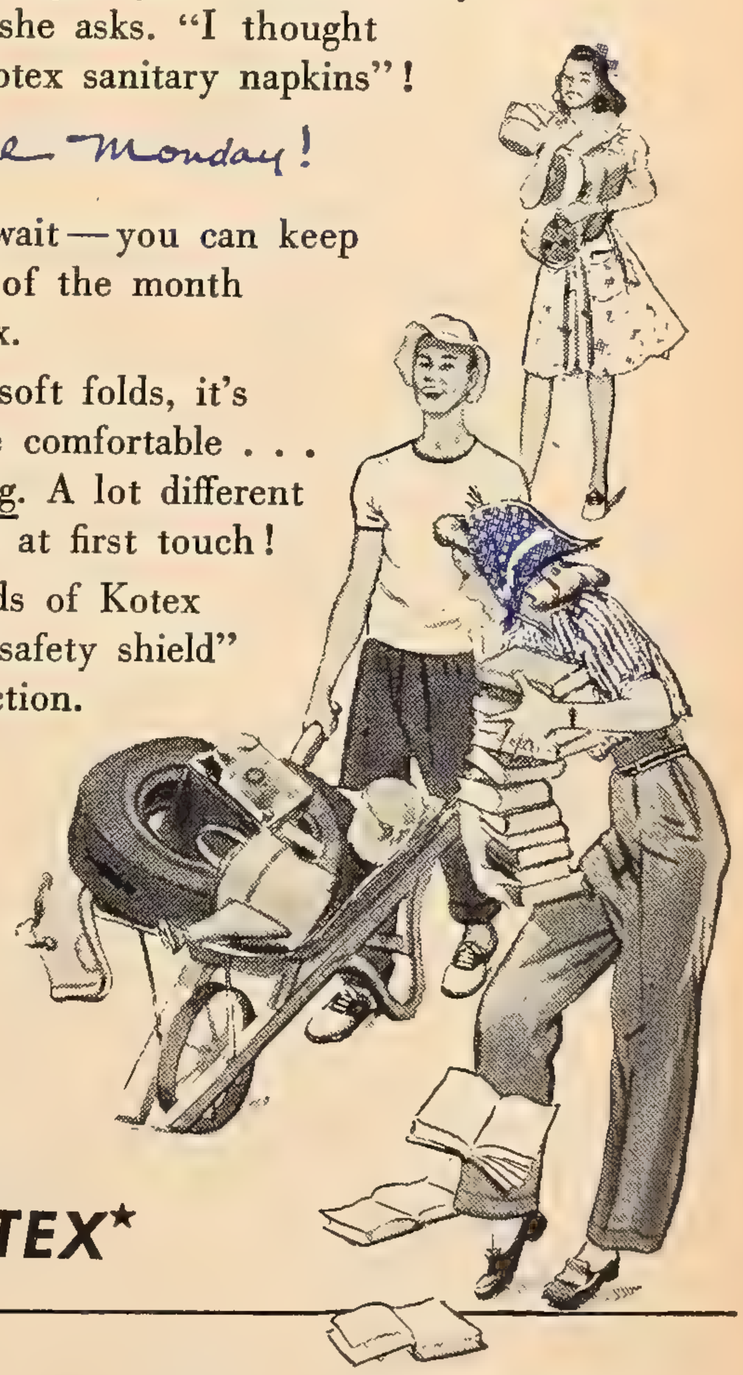
Jill explained you needn't wait—you can keep going in comfort *every* day of the month . . . when you choose Kotex.

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

Besides, those flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And the "safety shield" means real "forget-about-it" protection.

No wonder more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

So now your chin's up—for keeps! And you'll be working for Victory . . . *every* day!



Keep Going in Comfort

—WITH KOTEX★



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FOR GIRLS ONLY! The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all . . . what to expect . . . what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-9, Chicago, and get copy FREE.

Let's dine out with the STARS

where the menfolk meet

By Marjorie Deen



Because of its homey atmosphere, Victor's is a place where movie folks like to go with their families and friends to eat and relax.

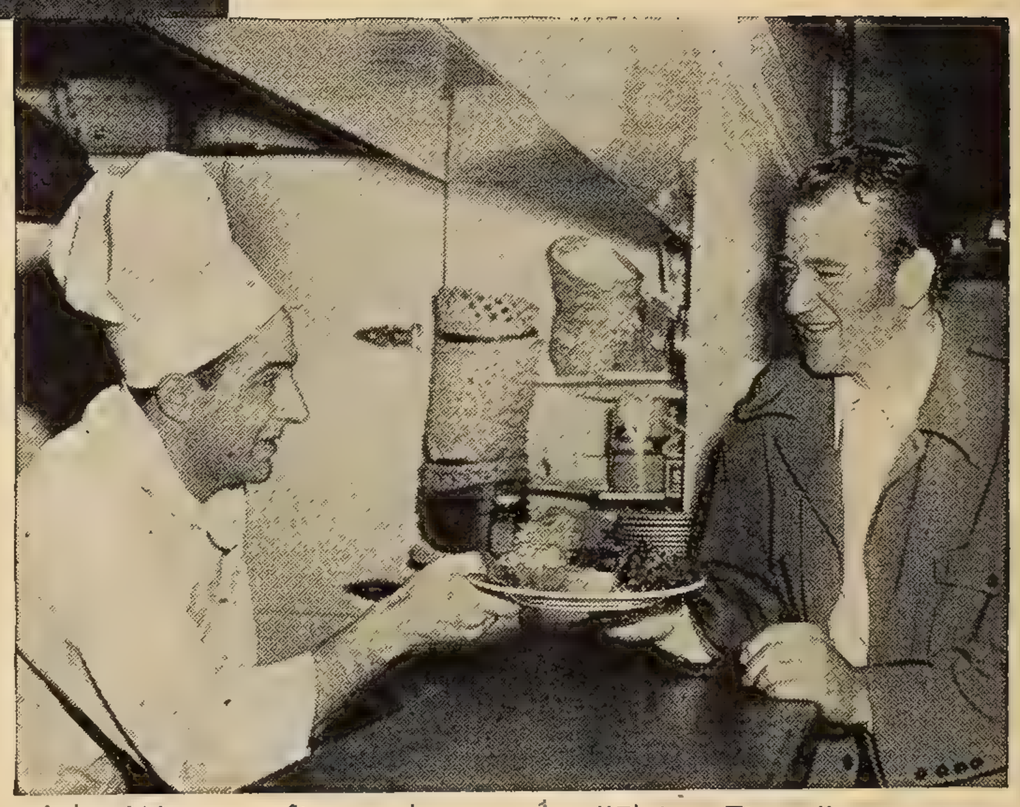
FIND a restaurant that has an exceptionally large masculine following, and you can be pretty sure that its atmosphere will be friendly and informal, its food portions large and its cooking definitely on the simple side—with special emphasis on meats!

Should you set out to find such a place out here, in Hollywood, you might be lucky enough to come across Victor's, one of the most popular eating spots in town with folks actually in the movie industry, though not so well known to the fans.

Here, in a smallish room done in restful shades of brown, writers, directors and producers go into a huddle over double porterhouse steaks; family folk like Dick Powell and Joan Blondell drop in with their kids, friendly rivals from different studios join forces in demolishing huge orders of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding; and big name stars wander in, in make-up and sport clothes—happy in the knowledge that their meals will not be disturbed by autograph hunters. For here this pastime is definitely discouraged. In fact it is Victor's boast that the only person ever to be asked to give an autograph, in his restaurant, was Igor Stravinsky. Even in this instance the approach was an indirect one. A local musician dashed off the first few bars of one of this famous Russian composer's works on a menu and sent it over to him. Stravinsky obligingly corrected a mistake, signed the menu and returned it. Score up one for ingenuity.

A list of Victor's patrons would read like a veritable Hollywood Who's Who; while a listing of their food preferences would provide a culinary What's What in the line of substantial foods which men go for in a big way. Any night—right up to midnight—you might find there Ray Milland who usually orders a double New York steak, on which he dabs prepared mustard. John Carroll who prefers a Chateaubriand (that's a filet of beef with oomph!) And other well knowns too numerous to mention—including, of course, the three gentlemen pictured here who were caught by our rambling photographer, Bob Beerman, as they started to dine.

Take a look at their keen, anticipatory expressions, and you will understand why we are so pleased to have secured recipes for some of the very dishes that make such a big hit at Victor's. Now you, too, can dine *Victor-iously* right in your own home!



John Wayne, after a day on the "Flying Tigers" set, stops off at Victor's for a steak dinner and with Chef Gaby's expert assistance, helps himself to a man-sized meal.



Mine host, himself, serves these hungry diners, Victor Killian, arch villain of "Reap the Wild Wind," and Regis Toomey who is in "The Man on America's Conscience."

Lamb Kidneys, Sauté

6 lamb kidneys
salad oil, butter
8 large mushrooms
¼ cup sherry wine
½ teaspoon salt, or more
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup brown stock or gravy*

Select fresh young kidneys, free of any discoloration. Scald, remove outside skin. Split, remove all trace of white centers, tubes and fat. Slice *very* thin. Sauté for 5 minutes in hot salad oil. Quarter mushrooms, sauté for 5 minutes in hot butter. Combine kidneys and mushrooms, add sherry and simmer gently for 5 minutes more. Add salt and pepper and the stock or gravy. Bring to a fast boil, remove from heat immediately. Serve on rye bread slices which, with crusts removed, have been fried on both sides, in butter, to a golden brown. Serves 2 or 3.

**Canned bouillon, slightly thickened with flour and colored with a little Kitchen Bouquet, may be used, instead.*

Yorkshire Pudding

(Traditional Roast Beef Accompaniment)

3 eggs, beaten
1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups milk
beef suet or beef drippings

Beat eggs thoroughly. Victor's directions call for *20 minutes of beating!* Only those who have an electric beater will wish to attempt this—but if you do own one, go to it—with indicator set at low speed. However, this recipe was tested —with excellent results—using a rotary egg beater and but 5 minutes of beating.

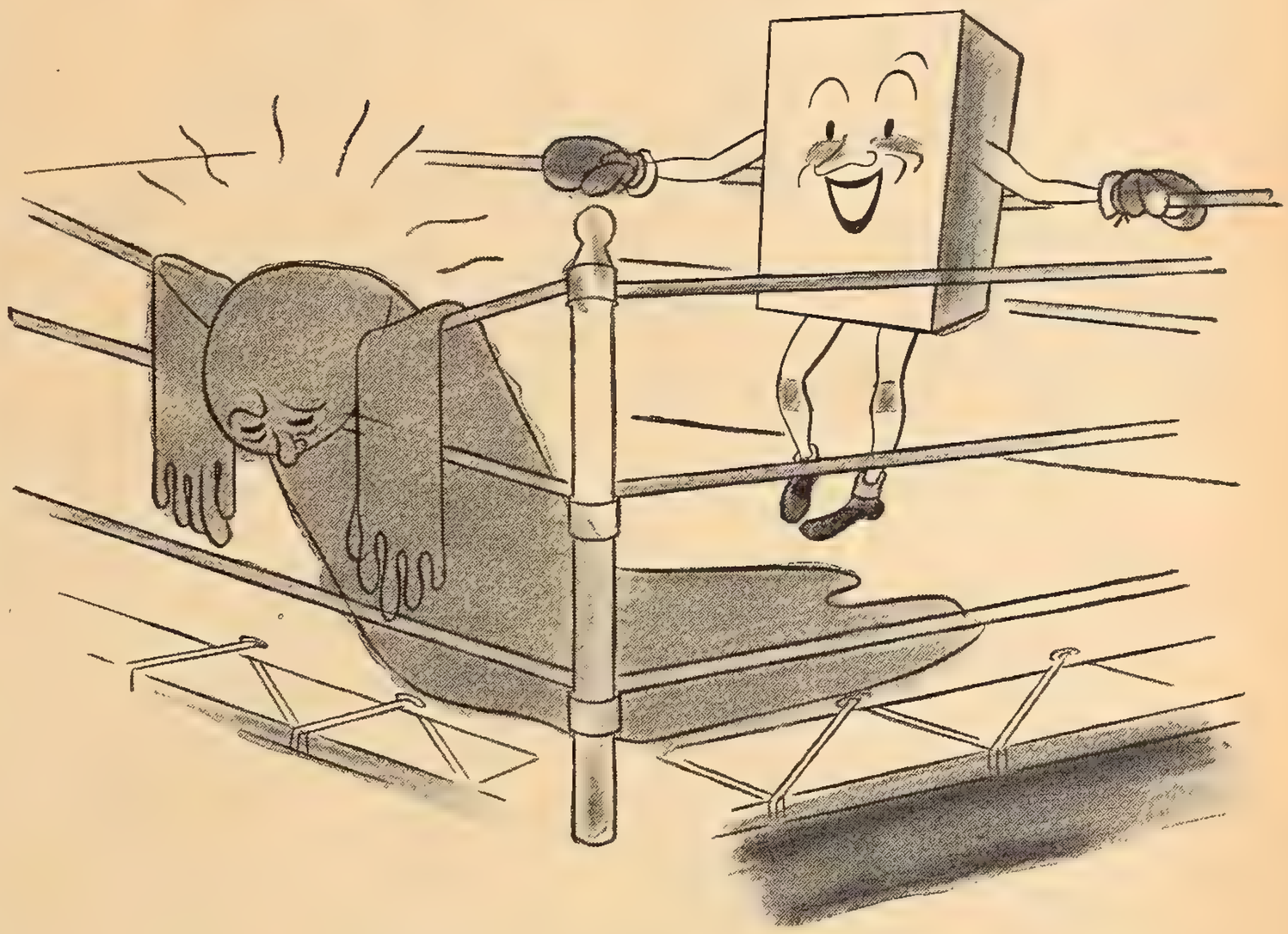
Sift together flour and salt, gradually add beaten eggs, then the milk. Beat again, this time for 2 minutes. Get your baking pan red hot, grease with suet or drippings and when they are bubbling hot add the Yorkshire mixture—giving it a final beating for good measure. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes. Reduce heat and bake until done. Cut into squares for serving.

Pears, Speciale

4 Bartlett pears
½ cup granulated sugar
4 whole cloves
2 tablespoons lemon juice
cornstarch, to thicken
2 tablespoons rum or brandy

Pare, core and quarter pears and place in saucepan. Cover with the sugar, add cloves and lemon juice and just enough water to cover. Bring to a boil. Simmer 20 minutes, or until tender. Remove pears from liquid with slotted spoon. Place in individual serving dishes. Thicken remaining syrup with a little cornstarch, moistened with water to a smooth paste. Cook until clear, stirring constantly. Add rum or brandy. Pour over pears, chill.

All Washed Up!



Sorry, you just missed it! . . . A championship washing contest . . . "Tattle-Tale" Gray versus Fels-Naptha Soap . . . "Tattle-Tale" was tough but the Fels-Naptha Treatment softened him up . . . now he's on the ropes . . . washed up!

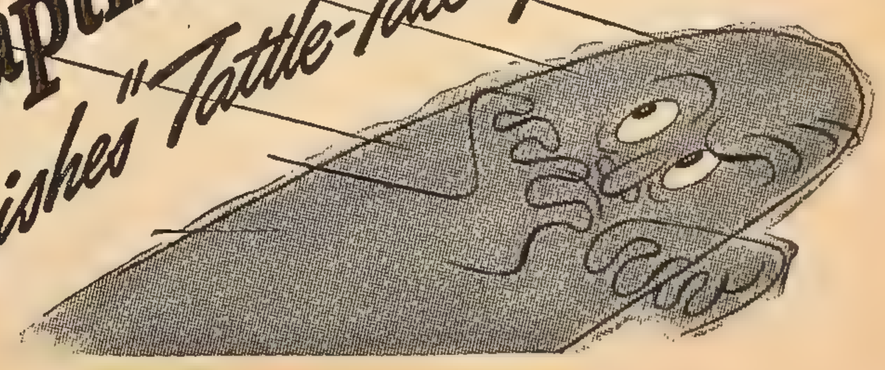
How about a private exhibition, right in your own home? Fels-Naptha Soap will be glad to oblige—any week—and for a few cents you can have a tub-side seat to see the champion perform.

It's a sight you won't forget. To watch Fels-Naptha in a rough-and-tumble with grimy work clothes. To see how skillful it is with delicate things. To compare Fels-Naptha's washing speed with ordinary laundry soaps.

P. S.—Make your arrangements through your grocer. Better ask him about Fels-Naptha Soap now.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





IT'S a new and happy experience when you begin using Tampax for monthly sanitary protection . . .The whole process becomes simple, because Tampax is *worn internally* and calls for no complicated harness of belts, pins and pads. The insertion is simple. Disposal is simple. And so is the act of changing. Tampax is so compact that a month's supply will slide easily into your purse.

Wear slacks or swim suits or snug evening gowns; Tampax will not and *cannot* show a line or bulge. And *you* cannot even feel it while wearing it! As no odor can form, a sanitary deodorant is not required. Tampax was perfected by a doctor and comes in dainty one-time-use applicator—modern, scientific and *simple*.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. (The new *Super* Tampax is about 50% *extra* absorbent!) Ask drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package gives real bargain of average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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JIVIN' JANE

(*Continued from page 34*)

frocks, size 13, and needs not one stitch of alteration. Having done some preliminary reconnaissance, Mrs. Withers and Jane breezed down to try on dresses and finally compromised on a white mousseline de soie trimmed with black lace.

So excited that her heart was pumping Mexican jumping beans instead of plasma, Jane started to dress at five o'clock on The Day, preparatory to an eight o'clock date. She applied a light pancake make-up, no eye shadow nor false eyelashes (although her eyelids have a naturally bluish cast) and a deep cardinal lipstick. In the midst of dressing, she realized that A C would come up to the playroom—she couldn't remember having dusted it for several days.

So she whipped out in dressing gown and spruced up the reception center—a dido that stopped Mrs. Withers dead in her tracks when she spied Jane behind a dust cloth at such a crucial time.

"What on earth are you doing?" queried the astonished mother. Jane has tried to teach her to say "What's cookin'?" but Mrs. Withers discourages too much slang. Jane, herself, long ago announced that the words, "Oh, nuts," or "Sourpuss" would never join her vocabulary. If you speak Withersiana, and you find something exceedingly sour, you say Half A Lemon. If it is sour beyond all reason or redemption, it is Completely Lemon and a goner.

"Just putting things to rights," announced Jane. "Just being pre-hostessy." She straightened and fixed her mother with an appealing eye. "How about wearing the white fox tonight?" she asked. "*Please,* let me strut it!"

The sumptuous white fox coat had been Jane's Christmas present—and thereby hangs a story. Before Christmas, Jane hinted with every innuendo she knew that a set of drums would be a gift right on the beam. She mentioned how neat she was on Freddie Bartholomew's percussions, and how Jackie Cooper had said, "You've got the beat, Janie." She tapped out rhythms with a couple of pencils on a table top and said, "Now, with a pair of flyswatters that would be 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.'"

But when Jane charged in to open her packages in front of the Christmas tree—no drums. Her heart felt as hollow as a bass skin, and her hopes were as shattered as a sat-on snare. She slipped into the substitute white fox coat and wandered in to the mirror. "I look regal in a lonely sort of way," she observed.

"New Year's night would be a good time to initiate it," she told her mother, but Mrs. Withers couldn't see it that way.

"The white ermine jacket will do for tonight," she said. "We'll save the Christmas coat until a later date."

"Well, what good does it do me to have it hanging around the house without being worn?" demanded Jane.

"Jane!" said her mother, and that settled it, of course. The white fox coat eventually made its debut in April when Jane wore it to the Ice Follies, and very appropriate, too.

heavy date . . .

On New Year's night, A.C. arrived right on time, resplendent in dinner clothes, and carrying a florist's box sheltering an orchid. Jane pinned it in her hair and away they went to June Carlson's. From June's they breezed over to pick up Tim Taylor, and the foursome advanced on Sunset Towers to see Buddy Pepper who was too ill to go out, but not too limp to have plenty of company.

The gang put on records and danced. Their jitterbug routines include absolutely *no* backbreaking gymnastics. Jane first learned her fast footwork from Joe Brown, Jr., who took pity on her when she was at 20th Century-Fox. "You're either too young or too old for everything," he told her sympathetically. "Too young for the real hep-cats like Cooper and Granville and their gang, but too old for the real juves like Weidler and company. Guess I'd better take charge of you." So he taught her the intricate footwork and the time breaks of down-to-the-very-bricks jitterbugging.

A little later she learned a rumba that would make Katie from Haiti blink with approval. A C, she soon found, could jitterbug right in the groove, but he wasn't hep to the rumba. "I'll fix that," Jane promised. So she started the New Year right by giving him instructions in the beginning box steps.

suitable suitor . . .

At five minutes of twelve they were having such a good time that it seemed a shame to break up the party. "I'm going to call Mother and ask to stay another hour," Jane announced.

"Nothing doing," said A C "This is my first date with you, and I'm not going to let anything spoil my chances of taking you out again. Here's your coat, Janie; come with Papa and don't pout."

At the door, he tapped the tip of her nose with his finger. "You looked mighty pretty tonight, sugar," he said. "I was right proud of you." Then he rang the bell and, with hat in hand, told Mrs. Withers, "Happy New Year, ma-am. Here is your daughter, all safe and sound."

Two of the many things Jane admires about A C are his perfect manners and his offhand comradeliness. He never gets smoochy. After Jane had "endured" her first movie kiss, she told a studio friend, "That stuff is okay for pictures, but—so help me—I want none of it off the set. I can't bear to be touched. These boys who are always drooping around with moon eyes drive me loopy."

Boys usually describe Jane as a swell egg. "When you shake hands with a person," Buddy Pepper told her one day, "you don't leave any doubt about how powerful your grip can be on a tennis or badminton racquet."

Since their first date, Jane and A C have gone to Mocambo several times, to the Ice Follies and to the Military Ball. From the Mocambo at five minutes of twelve one night, Mrs. Withers received a call. "A C wanted to talk to you," Jane said, "but I told him I'd rather handle it. We're having such a lot of fun that I don't want to leave yet. *Please* let me stay just another hour."

Mrs. Withers thought it over swiftly. A wise movie mother knows that sometimes the tether has to be slackened or the colt is going to bolt. "All right, dear," she answered. "You may stay until one-thirty! I'll expect you here at fifteen minutes of two."

"You're the most wonderful mother in the world, my good woman," shouted

Jane, simply stunned by her hour's reprieve and her extra thirty-minute dividend. "I'll do something super for you some day."

While all this hotcha gay life was going on, Jane had time for another type of experience. During the period when she was making the last of her 29 pictures on the TCF lot, she met George Montgomery.

While having luncheon one day, she spied him in the commissary and demanded of her companion, "F'heaven's sake, who's that—my, oh, me!"

He was wearing chaps and a plaid shirt. He twirled a ten-gallon hat, and with one eyebrow lifted, coolly surveyed the spread of tables.

"That's George Montgomery, second generation Russian from Montana," Jane was told.

"Woo-woo," chortled Jane. Then, more softly, letting the sound die away in her throat as she watched him stride to a distant corner, "Woo-woo-oo-oo-o."

She started a new scrap book that night. Scrap books, collecting perfumes, and amassing earrings are the Withers' hobbies, but especially scrap books. She has a book commemorating every party she has ever given. Usually they were birthday parties, and she has the pictures taken and the hundreds of cards received, all neatly pasted page after page. She



has a scrap book for every personal appearance tour she has ever made. And a scrap book about George Montgomery.

She went to the studio filing department and asked them to let her look through their George Montgomery data. There she found an enlarged snapshot of a tow-headed little boy clad in faded and torn blue overalls. He was staring sulkily at the camera. Behind him stretched the trackless Montana prairie. She rested a finger on the pictured tousle-head. "I'd like this one, please," she said. "Wasn't he a darling?"

News of this devoted fan reached George so he wandered over to the Withers set to meet the young lady. "I used to see her kid pictures," he told a studio friend afterward, "and expected a brat instead of a half-grown honey."

Jane stood there, smiling up at him, and wishing to heaven she could think of something to say. "I . . . I guess you're quite a rider," she ventured.

"Oh, sure. Brought up on a horse. How about you?"

"Well, I ride quite a bit. Tony Carrillo let me ride her horse once—she's Leo Carrillo's daughter, you know."

"How about going riding with me some day soon?" George asked.

Jane almost swooned with joy. She managed to say that she'd love to go riding sometime *soon*.

Several days later, George took her

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!



PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes — 50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your purchase price.

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New-type Ingredient in Halo Shampoo Scientifically Glorifies Hair

TODAY the smartest girls are no longer "soaping" their hair. From beauty experts they have learned how to glorify it, reveal all its thrilling natural beauty with modern Halo Shampoo.

You see, all soap or soap shampoos, even the finest, leave a dulling soap-film . . . film that makes hair look drab and dull. But Halo contains no soap, therefore *cannot* leave soap film! Halo's creamy cleansing lather comes from a new-type ingredient—a patented ingredient that means exciting new beauty for your hair.

Even in the hardest water, Halo rinses away completely. No need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo removes loose dandruff, too. Leaves your hair easy to set or curl, lovelier to look at than you dreamed possible.

Get Halo Shampoo at any toilet goods counter. 10¢ and larger sizes.

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YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included. 43rd year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____

City_____ State_____

over to the small, unobtrusive academy where he was later to take Hedy Lamarr. He watched Jane carefully that first day.

"You're quite a horsewoman," he said, both impressed and pleased. "Just relax a little more. You're holding your shoulders sort of rigid."

Relax! While out riding with Sir Launcelot! Don't be like that, George.

They talked about Montana. George never tires of talking about Montana and the farm he is going to have there one day. He talked about his 12 brothers and sisters and their antics—a revelation to lone child Jane.

equestrienne bliss . . .

After that first ride together, he called occasionally in the evening. "May I speak to Jane, please," he would ask the maid, secretary or even Mrs. Withers if she happened to answer the telephone. "This is Jane's uncle."

One night he asked for a date. "Will you hold the wire a minute while I ask Mother?" she said. Her hands unsteady, she walked slowly into the other room and placed her question. Her heart waited in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, dear," Mrs. Withers said, "but George is too old for you. He's 24 or 25. Stick to your own little gang for regular dates, although I think it's nice for you to go riding with George in the afternoon."

Jane stood silent for several moments. Then she went back to her room and explained as gently as possible what she had to say. "Your mother's right," agreed George.

One afternoon George said, "You're so good I've decided to let you ride my horse this afternoon. You deserve a fine animal."

He gave her the leg up and she swung into the western saddle of one of the tallest horses she had ever seen. She was afraid of a horse for the first time in her life, but she would have died and been buried to long-hair music before she would have admitted it. She gripped the reins and gritted her teeth. And prayed a thousand prayers.

The horse, hep to what gave, pirouetted on his toes, snorted and flung his head. Jane made a valiant attempt to hold him, but he was off like a streak. She didn't try to stop him, she just stayed put. Down the road and over the bridge went the horse, headed straight for a walnut orchard practically swarming with low branches and fractured skulls.

Jane was getting ready to slip her stirrups and take a chance at sliding off onto the meadow when George's mount drew alongside and George reined up the runway. "Are you all right?" he demanded.

"Sure," panted Jane. "Some horse."

"Lamb, *you're* some rider," he said, cupping her shoulder with his big hand and shaking her gently.

"Only one trouble," Jane confessed. "I've lost one of my hearts."

"Come again?" said George.

She explained. She had been wearing a pair of tiny heart-shaped locket earrings. One was gone, so they dismounted and walked slowly back, scanning the ground. They didn't find the lost heart.

A week later Jane received a package from the jewelers. Inside was a new pair of heart-shaped locket earrings. In the old pair she had pictures of Buddy Pepper and Joe Brown, Jr. In the new pair she has snaps of her girl friends—and two blank spaces.

As for George, at this time a good many stories began to appear about "How George and Ginger Fell In Love." Dutifully, Jane cut them out and pasted them in her Montgomery scrap book. She even set aside a page for a series of gorgeous pictures of Ginger alone.

Jane's crush didn't pass politely unnoticed by her gang. Through the mail one day she received a toy six shooter from A C A week later he sent her a pair of miniature chaps.

Buddy Pepper did a Longfellow on the subject, to wit:

Another poem,
Another date,
Another corsage for a girl who's great.
I'm not George Montgomery or Cary Grant,
Just Pep who's taking you to "Charley's Aunt."

Jane had her tonsils taken out and George sent her a box simply bursting with gardenias. Jane couldn't speak, of course, but she wrote in a thrill-jerky scrawl, "I counted them — there are THIRTY-SIX!"

In the scrapbook the Ginger Rogers section was closed and a new department started: Hedy Lamarr. When the engagement was announced, A C rushed some versification over:

Feel not too sad.
There are many others to be had—
Your dancing partner.

A few days later, Jane was transporting a load of magazines, the scrap book, glue, scissors, pen and ink from her playroom to her dressing room where she could work undisturbed. As she was crossing her bedroom, chaos took over. Glue flew in one direction, scissors rampant, magazines far and wide. And the ink smashed onto the rug, broke like a bomb and spouted like a pinwheel. Jane collapsed onto the floor and began to cry. Then she inspected the scrap book. It was safe. No damage at all. The tears dried.

The curtains and bedspread had to be scrapped; the rug had to be processed—cleaned; one wall had to be repapered, but—oh, happy day—the scrap book was unharmed.

One of the minor things that makes the book so valuable is the TIME that has gone into its preparation. The other day one of her girl friends asked Jane why she hadn't done thus-and-so. "Because, pal," she said, "my time just comes in minutes."

working gal . . .

She's still deep in school, taking Spanish, American literature, social science, physiology, and hygiene and math. Also twenty minutes of terrific calisthenics. She's now 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 118; she doesn't diet, but she *does* exercise.

On week-ends she really pours on the coal. Saturday morning she starts out in a station wagon to collect thermos jugs, cups and other empty containers from the army stations serviced with sandwiches and coffee by AWVS night crews. This round-up takes about 3½ or 4 hours, depending upon the amount of conversation she exchanges with uniforms and upon traffic. Once back at headquarters, she washes and dries all the equipment.

On Sunday mornings she goes to the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, where she is president of her Sunday School class. Usually she takes a few soldiers along with her.

Whenever she and her mother are

driving anywhere, they pick up any uniforms along the way. One Saturday they collected three boys on leave from a rather distant station. Two of the boys were originally from Jane's home town —Atlanta—and the third was from No'th Ca'olina, ma'am. The Withers household expanded to take in the three for the week-end, and they accompanied Jane to church on Sunday.

There are 22 boys stationed directly across the street from the Withers home, so they are invited over at specific times to splash in the pool and to imbibe some of the terrific chocolate sodas or lime cokes that Jane concocts at her own soda fountain. She also has a miniature piano in her playroom, so one of the boys usually knocks out an alleged tune or so for dancing and harmonizing.

They argue happily about their favorite orchestras. "Glenn Martin has positively the hottest brass section in the world," Jane told one of the boys.

"Yeah? How about Goodman? Howcome you give him a dishonorable discharge?" demanded the army.

"Goodman's hep—don't get me wrong. So help me, the biggest thrill of my life happened when I was dancing at the Waldorf one night, and Benny recognized me. He called out, 'What will it be, Janie?' I said the 'Hut-Sut Song.' In spite of my thrill over that, if I had to take one orchestra to a desert island with me, I'd say, make it Cugat," said Jane.

Between entertaining the army, keepin a full-fledged career on the wing, going places with her gang, selling bonds, studying toward a High School diploma and keeping scrap books, Jane also finds a few moments in which to buy presents for her nine godchildren (8 girls named Jane and 1 boy named Jerry) and to knit.

She's turning out a turquoise sweater at present, simply because someone gave her a turquoise snood and she needed something to match it. Another friend matched the snood with a knitted bag, and Jane already had a turquoise suit. She went through the stores, searching for a turquoise blouse, but couldn't find it, so Miss Resourceful got out her own knitting needles. This antic proves one of the things all her friends know about Jane—she likes to have everything she wears match in color. If she wears blue, she insists on everything being the identical shade. Same with red . . . and turquoise.

"Only a sour potato," Jane told her mother, "goes around out of sync."

So there you have Jane Withers at 16 —a sweet potato definitely in sync. A gal who is going places and doing things strictly on the beam. A busy little brain on the upbeat—with a heart that is just beginning to wonder about waltz time.

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrapbook. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Sleep your way to Beauty... try my Beauty Nightcap"

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



says Dorothy Lamour:

"Sleep's a beautifier! But take my Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream--and sleep brings new allure!"

Nightly, Dorothy cleanses with Woodbury, whose beauty oils help relieve dryness that may lead to lines. Then tissues and fresh Woodbury--a thin film--for all night softening. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient acts to purify this cream right in the jar. Says Dorothy:

"Try it...for skin that invites...closer inspection!"

WOODBURY COLD CREAM Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Try Dorothy's beauty secret. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Large jars are 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes are 10¢ and 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you'll ever need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

FREE—GENEROUS CREAM SAMPLE!

(Paste on Penny Postcard . . . if you like)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 5716 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please rush me a generous FREE sample of beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream, used by glamorous Dorothy Lamour and so many other Hollywood beauties.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

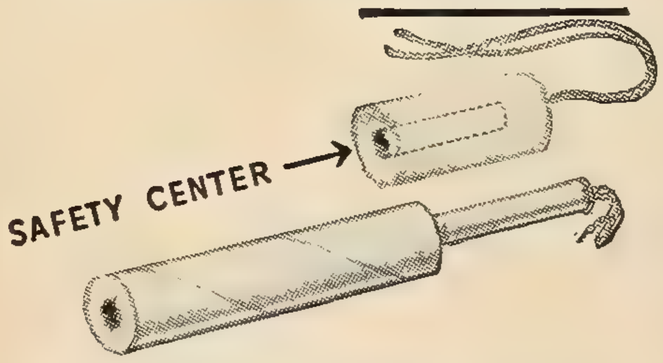
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Before you choose your tampon—



Of course, you've been hearing about internal protection. And, being modern, you've made up your mind that you, too, will enjoy this new freedom and comfort. But, when you choose *your* tampon, make certain you choose the most modern, improved tampon! Do this . . .

...consider Protection!



For *real* protection, absorption must be *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton, hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

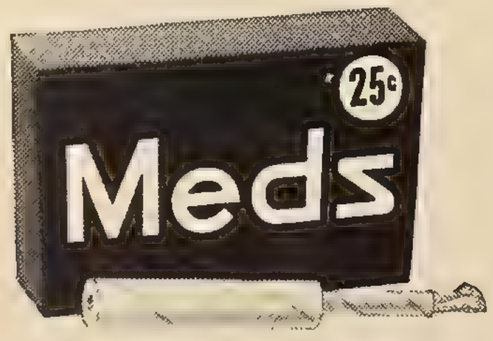
...make sure of Comfort!

Comfort means *correct* fit! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! And—each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

...check on Value!

Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! For protection, comfort, value—choose MEDS!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

SUGAR PUSS

(Continued from page 26)

One particular morning she had to do a very difficult scene. Jack Carson had died, and the camera picked up Morgan, Ida and Joan at his grave. The company rehearsed the scene several times in the morning, preparatory to final shooting in the afternoon, and Joan lost herself in serious rehearsal and wept bitterly.

Dennis was uttering a brief soliloquy over the rain-drenched grave. He was letting Joan know—or the character played by Joan—what a scurvy little beast she was. Joan cried harder and harder. He mentioned what a swell guy Jack had been, how happy-go-lucky, how good-hearted. Joan sobbed until she shook.

"Steady, ducky," Ida Lupino said, her arms around Joan's shoulders. "You mustn't wear yourself out—these crying scenes are killers."

Said Jack, from the sidelines where he was relishing his own funeral. "Who said dead men tell no tales? Have you heard this one about the . . ."

The rehearsal finished, Joan scooted across the set, her brow furrowed. The assistant director stopped her with a sympathetic hand. "You're great, kid," he said. "You're going to break plenty of hearts in that scene. Don't look so worried."

Joan came out of her fog long enough to thank him. "I'm not worried about the picture," she confessed. "It's that darned physiology test that I'm taking between scenes. I'm trying to remember exactly how to describe and give the functions of the alimentary canal."

In the front office at Warner Brothers' there is a large, prominently displayed calendar showing only the month of January, 1943. On this page, the 26th is circled in red. July 4, Labor Day, October 12 or Pay Day are nothing as compared to the promise of January 26, 1943. On that day, Joan Leslie becomes 18 and is freed from that old ogre, the Los Angeles Board of Education.

earthbound adolescence . . .

Until she is 18, Joan leads a life bound round with restrictions, red tape and protective custody. Her presence at the studio is allowable for a maximum of 9 hours a day; of that time, 3 hours must be spent studying with her teacher; 1 hour must be devoted to luncheon, and 1½ hours are necessarily used by the make-up department. By simple mathematics—which Joan can work for you in much less than the twinkle of her brown eyes—that leaves just 3½ hours for acting, for still picture-taking, for being interviewed and for all the rest of the time-taking business of being one of the screen's sub-deb darlings.

Because of Joan's time limitations, Warners' have found all manner of short cuts to save precious moments. For instance, until recently, Joan's older sister, Mary, (known around the house as Bunny) gave Joan's interviews. She answered all questions about her baby sister, while attired in that baby sister's navy blue slacks, blouse, matching blue sox and shoes.

The three sisters (Betty is the middle Brodell) exchange clothes left and right. They are all near enough the same size so that they can and do trade everything descending to and including shoes. They have just one rule, no one touches another person's brand new things until the owner gives her official okay. At present, Joan has a new blue suit, frilly white blouse and blue-and-white spectator sport pumps that are specials. Nobody dares touch them. When she leaves the house in the morning, she is likely to shout, "No matter what you wear, *don't* you dare touch my gold lamé dress or my navy formal with red dots. And that's positive."

modish miss . . .

The navy formal with red dots is an off-trail outfit for the titian-headed destiny's tot. Because her hair is red, she has never worn red—just stayed true to blues, browns and greens—and because she couldn't wear red, she hated it. Quite a dodge. However, the studio shot some fashion stills of Joan wearing a dress designed without her color consent. She liked it so well in spite of the red dots that she ordered a duplicate for her personal wardrobe. She wore it, let it be noted, at the most recent Loyola formal to excellent advantage.

Of Joan's three favorite foods, (chop suey, beef stew or ice cream), about which the family tease her, she can have all she wants of the first two. She is now five feet five inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She doesn't exactly diet—just watches her calories. She drinks a quart of skimmed milk a day, a private stock of which is kept at the studio for her.

Another time-saver the studio has devised is the dodge of washing and setting Joan's hair at night before she leaves the lot. Her head covered with pin curls, she knots a bandana under her chin and

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Are you giving up an extra ice cream soda for a War Stamp? Saving up the shekels from mowing lawns for War Bonds? USO-ing? Victory Bond vending? WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. Write us, and the best letter will win $5.00 in War Stamps. Address your letter to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. The brightest idea this month came from someone who signed his/her letter "Sincerely American." No name . . . no address . . . no nothin'. If "Sincerely American" wants it that way, O.K. We'll donate the money to the USO. Otherwise, please do write, and we'll forward the reward for the winning letter, below.

"For our annual Junior-Senior high school banquet and prom the admission fee was one twenty-five-cent defense stamp. These stamps have been changed into a bond that will be left in the hands of the school until it matures. At that time it will be cashed, and the money will be used to buy a plaque on which the names of all our boys fighting in this war will be placed. In the next few months, thousands of school dances will be held all over the United States. My plan is that the admission to these be war stamps or even bonds. If this plan worked here in our little town it ought to work in thousands of other towns, schools and universities."

hurries home to let her thick, auburn mop dry. The color is strictly a Joanie special—the studio adds no tint or rinse of any kind. The Leslie special hairdresser has perfected her technique to the point where she can set Joan's thick head of hair in 8 minutes. The hairdresser says, "Joan times me, and sort of cheers for me in the stretch. She yells, 'Gee, look at your hands—they almost whurr!'"

The Brodell family life is an especially happy one. They are extremely "sympatica" and have the usual running family gags. Since they first came to Hollywood, the girls have been teasing their mother to buy herself a closet full of knockout clothes. Regularly, she agrees to a purchasing spree, so one day a few weeks ago the three girls and Mrs. Brodell started out with the best of intentions.

Mrs. Brodell looked at this and that, yet nothing seemed to be quite right. Meanwhile, Mary saw a suit that was just what she had been wanting—she made the purchase. Betty noticed a blouse that was exactly what she had been needing for ages. Joan saw a pair of white slacks that gave her that buy-buy feeling.

When they got home in a cloud of chatter, they dropped down to rest, kicking off shoes. Mother Brodell had ONE package—a pair of gloves. Joan rushed over and slid her arms around her mother's neck. "Why do you let us do it?" she burst out. "Why don't *you* buy the pretty things instead of standing back while we grab everything in sight?"

"I want my girls to be neat and lovely; I don't matter," she said in the voice of most mothers.

Joan said fiercely, "When my allowance gets to be more than ten dollars a week, I'm going to buy you every gorgeous thing I see. You've sacrificed for us so long that you can't break the habit, but *I'm* going to be extravagant for you."

bankbook blues . . .

Joan's ten dollar allowance clearly cramps her style. According to state law, half of Joan's salary is set aside in a trust fund; from the remaining half, all the legitimate operating expenses of a star are deducted, plus a sum allocated to Mrs. Brodell as guardian, plus the price of a war bond a week . . . the remainder is free and clear, but it isn't very large.

Not only is her mother going to benefit by Joan's generosity, but there are others she's bearing in mind. She has a mental note book into which she engraves little wishes of those about her. She heard a script girl say one day that she'd love to own a pair of blonde cocker spaniels. Joan confided to her school teacher, "I'll buy her those dogs one day."

She is planning to splurge her ducats for one personal boon. The Brodells have bought the house they rented for so long, and they have redecorated it according to the Early American theme. Joan came running in one day, all out of breath, with a fraction of her petticoat showing. She told the wardrobe mistress, "I thought lamps for our place was our most important problem, but I've changed my mind. As soon as I've saved up enough, I'm going to buy a simply sumptuous full-length mirror, maybe two or three, and put them on doors where a girl can do a last minute check-up."

Just as she has plans for an epidemic of spending, she has a pet economy: she goes around the house turning off lights, "because, if I'm not careful, our house looks as if we're having a party all the time."

Actually, while she is working in a picture, her social life is nil. Between

The Brautigam Twins of Des Plaines, Illinois

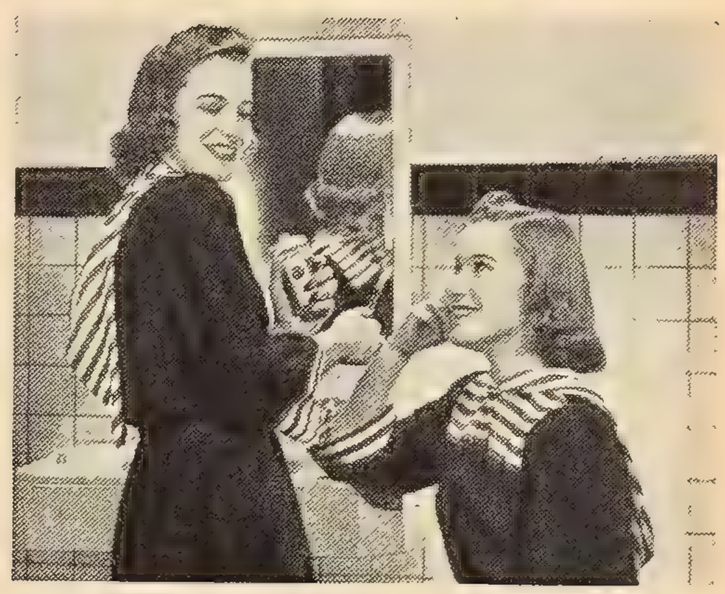


Brautigam twins offer attractive proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT



"I guess the first time in our lives we were really different was when Beverly and I made the tooth powder test. Naturally, as twins, we not only look alike . . . we usually do everything alike. But in the test, I used Pepsodent. Beverly used another leading brand. From then on, there was a big difference between us!"



"No test could have been fairer. But at first I thought maybe I just imagined my teeth were *twice as bright*. However, when a friend of mine asked me what made my teeth shine so, I was really convinced! Did I give *him* a selling on Pepsodent! The proof is so definite we'd never think of going back to any other brand!"

**"We're a trio from now on!
A pair of twins and Pepsodent!"**

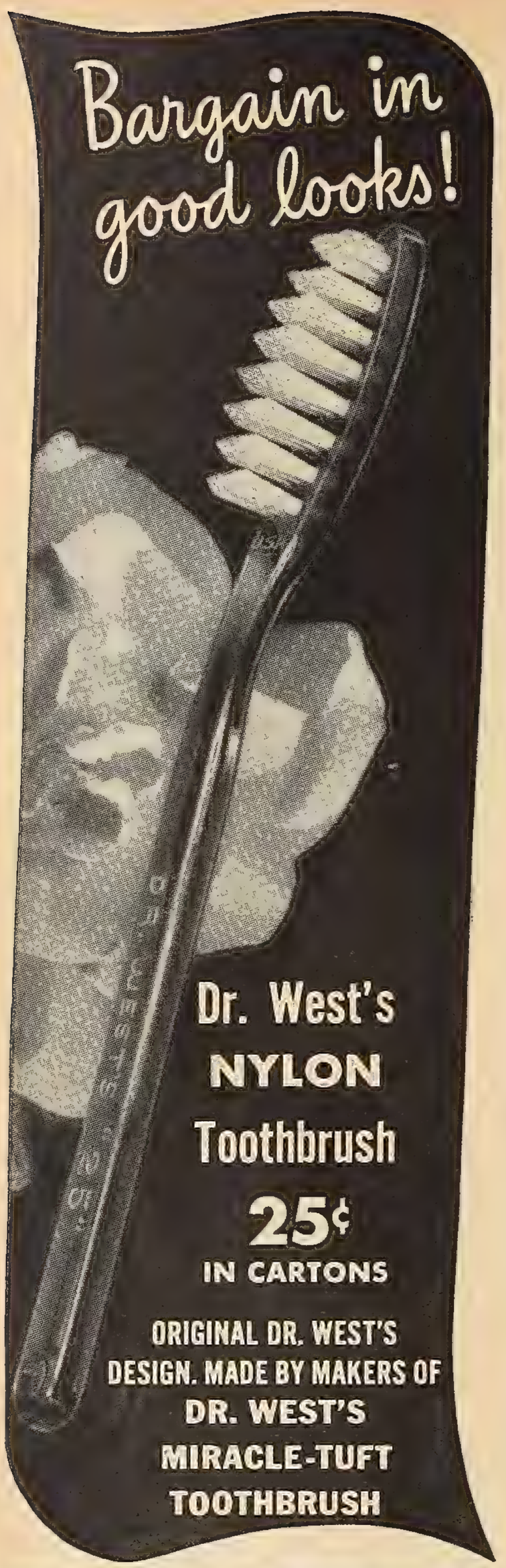


BRAUTIGAM TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT... BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



**For the safety of your smile . . .
use Pepsodent twice a day . . .
see your dentist twice a year.**



SITROUX
Triple-Tested
CLEANSING TISSUES



SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢—DRUG & DEPT. STORES

pictures, she and Betty go on a spree of badminton, ping pong and movies. On Saturday night they stand in line at Grauman's Chinese along with half the town, and she is never recognized.

The very first time she went bowling she rolled a 115 score, but she has never done so well since, hence dropped the sport. "But ping pong," she tells everyone who passes her on the set, "now that's another story."

Another athletic event at which Joan excels is dancing—any old kind. She can jitterbug, waltz, conga, samba or rumba. When the company reached New York recently on Joan's personal appearance tour, a professional male model was secured to pose with Joan, who was showing off a series of dance dresses to be photographed. During camera adjustments, a studio representative looked around to find Joan and the handsome picture partner in a far corner dancing happily; she was teaching him a series of rumba breaks that were strictly from Samoa.

Fred Astaire wanted Joan for "Holiday Inn," the picture he is making with Bing Crosby, because he says she is the best dancer he has ever lead through an intricate routine with the single exception of his sister, Adele. However, Warners' had her scheduled to dance with Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" so she couldn't be loaned out, an occasion that brought forth tears from Joan. However, Fred is still determined to make a dancing picture with her some day.

He telephoned Joan on the set one day, but was told that she couldn't answer at that time because she was busy studying for an English quiz. He turned from the phone in despair and lifted an eyebrow at Bing. "My longed-for leading lady," he explained wryly, "can't talk to me because she's still in school. I guess that will settle me for awhile."

readin', writin' and rhythm . . .

School restrictions or no, Joan is mentally far advanced for her years, possibly because she has been entertaining the public with her songs, dances and impersonations since she was eleven, although her first stage appearance occurred at the delicate age of 2½. Hanging to the arm of a five-year-old male escort, she sang "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella."

When the Brodell family was on the road, traveling from one date to another, they always took an apartment in the town in which they were playing. (Their dog, Mike, had an aversion to hotels and vice versa.) While Mother Brodell was preparing dinner, the three girls practiced their orchestrations: Mary played the banjo, Betty the sax, and Joan the accordion.

If music palled, Joan would practice her impersonations. One of her first was the Luise Rainer telephone sequence from "The Great Ziegfeld." In order to be able to reproduce this perfectly, Joan spent an entire day in a continuous run theater, watching the picture over and over again. "When we finally left, it was dark outside and our eyes were so tired that we saw everything in jagged lines," she confessed to her mother.

Nowadays, her repertoire of impersonations includes Hepburn, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Jack Carson and Ida Lupino, among others. Someone told Ida that Joan had perfected a wonderful imitation of her delicious British intonations and the slow manner in which she uses her wonderful eyes, so Ida asked Joan to repeat the performance for the original. Joan nearly went through the floor. "It's meant as a compliment to you," she explained, "but I still can't do it. I'd die of embarrassment."

the hard way . . .

The keen insight that makes it possible for Joan to understand and imitate the pantomime of the people with whom she works, also prompted one of the sagest remarks ever to be uttered by a 17-year-old girl blessed by motion picture fame.

A group of studio people were discussing the antics of a new starlet on one of the major lots. "The girl is nothing but a four-star brat," someone said. "She makes me want to strangle her. Never have I seen such airs, such rudeness, such conceit."

Joan said slowly, "She shouldn't be blamed too much. After all, she had the bad luck to have her very first picture selected as an outstanding success."

In that simple sentence was Joan's realization that all the years of setbacks and disappointments, of screen tests that bore no contract fruit, of juicy parts she failed to get, had stood her in good stead. Her early reverses had planted humility deep in her heart. Today, she is just as sweet, as unassuming, as thrilled by little things as any High School girl in Wabash Bend, Indiana.

At home, she sets the table, always makes her own bed and occasionally "gets to mow the lawn or squirt the hose," as she puts it. At such times she has trouble with Mike, her wire-haired terrier. His wife is named Cammie, short for Camera, and they have six new pups named as follows: Close-up, Longshot, Montage (he's all mixed up and frustrated) S.T. for Sound Track, Set (the lazy, fat one that had to be coaxed to eat his dinner) and Wardy, short for Wardrobe, the elegant pup with white spats.

Outside of this menagerie, her second best enthusiasm is her victory garden, planted mainly with radishes and carrots, because—as she told the studio gardener, "they come up fastest and look prettiest."

She doesn't care particularly for bangles and jewelry. The only ring she wears is a worn signet of gold bearing the initians A.O.H. This memento was given to Mrs. Brodell by her brother when she made her first communion. The initials stand for Agnes O'Hearn, Mrs. Brodell's maiden name. When Joan's older sister, Mary, made *her* first communion, the ring was her commemorative gift from Mrs. B.

Then, when Mary was married and wore her engagement and wedding rings on the third finger of her left hand—where the signet fits—Mary passed the ring on to Joan. When Joan is before the camera, she leaves the ring in her dressing room, but the instant she washes up for luncheon, she slips the ring on again in spite of the fact that it has to fight for space on her slim finger with a prop wedding ring—necessary for her role in the picture.

"Some wedding ring!" Joan told Jack Carson. "Look—" The wedding band is divided at the back so it can be made to fit any actress' finger. "A universal joiner, you might call it."

The other trinket she values is a topaz daisy set in gold leaves. Her sisters gave Joan this pin to wear with her gold lamé dress when she went to one of the Loyola dances. She gets scolded, now, for wearing the pin on everything. Betty said, "That gold dress needed a touch, and this was it. But why?—on this blue suit?"

"Like it on everything," retorted Joan immovably.

Most seventeen-year-olds are busy having dates, planning for senior proms, ambling to the corner drug store for a coke with the football captain, and otherwise mingling with males of the species.

As for Joan, she has attended practically every formal Loyola College has given during the past two years. Loyola is the outstanding Catholic college in Los Angeles, and Joan met her escorts through their sisters who were her classmates during the year she attended Immaculate Heart High School.

Outside of these widely-spaced events, her only other fling was with Harry Lewis, a Warner Brothers' fellow employee, with whom she attended the Warner party at the Biltmore Bowl. Afterward, someone asked her if she wouldn't like to go to a lot of parties—see the town—maybe, huh?

busybody . . .

"It sounds corny to say this," Joan explained quickly, "but I just don't have much time to go places. I have been, and I still am, working pretty steadily."

She could have added that it was difficult for her to meet boys who would have courage enough to ask her for a date, but that situation is going to be corrected—but promptly. Beginning Sunday, May 17, she was enlisted to help entertain service men at the Beverly Hills USO canteen. Although there are strict rules prohibiting any of these USO hostesses from giving their addresses or telephone numbers to their guests, you can imagine what that flock of lonely uniforms is going to do when it meets up with a dancing doll like Joanie.

Even this activity, of course, will be supervised by Joan's mother or teacher.

Yet, comes now January 26, 1943, great changes are going to be made. The butterfly is scheduled to shed her chrysalis and to spread her wings. We'll keep you posted on further developments, of which we can guarantee you plenty!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As you know, this summer Olivia de Havilland spent two weeks at Snow Inn on Cape Cod. I was staying at a hotel a few blocks away, and I witnessed a very amusing scene between Miss de Havilland and a grocery boy.

The boy was delivering groceries and whistling as he came down the walk. Miss de Havilland evidently thought he was whistling at her because she turned, looked, then winked and whistled back. No one was more surprised or flattered than the boy, when he realized who she was.

Elizabeth Roos,
2234 Meadowood Drive,
Toledo, Ohio.

● ● ● ●

LET US HEAR FROM YOU

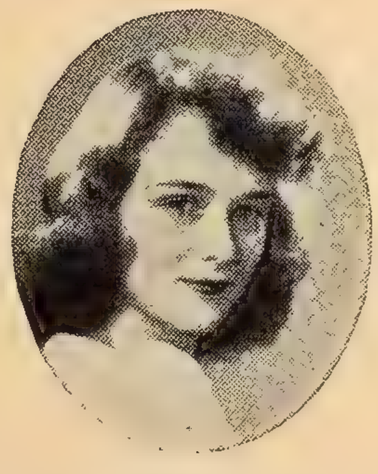
Fans, Be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story, such as the one above, about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.



This is how lovely Arthur Murray Dancer looks "in action" to high-speed camera



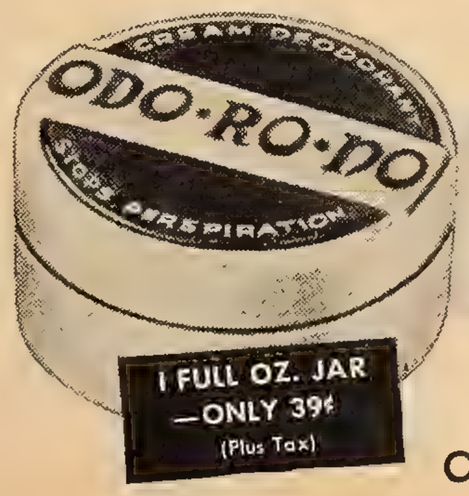
Jean Kern enchants partners the year round with her dream-girl daintiness and charm.

. . . Flower Fresh— the Arthur Murray Way

● Plenty of rhythm, plenty of charm—that's what Arthur Murray dancers are made of! Their jobs depend on their charm. And *they* depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness.

We think *you'll* be just as enthusiastic as they are. Non-greasy, non-gritty, smooth as satin—Odorono Cream stops perspiration safely up to 3 days! Won't irritate skin or rot dresses; no waiting to dry—just follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York



Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

Odorono Cream WILL NOT IRRITATE your Skin



"IT'S *Heavenly* for DRY SKIN"

SAYS PEGGY MORAN

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is a *special formula* for dry skin accepted for advertising in doctors' Journal by

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

You, too, will adore this wonderful, *approved* cream that'll end your worries about dry skin!

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is endorsed by famous movie stars. Working under hot movie lights, they, especially, must protect their lovely complexions from dryness.

So try the *special formula* cream stars use and praise. You'll agree Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil is a blessing for dry, sensitive skin.

It's a rich all-purpose cream that's gentle and soothing. Smooths and softens dry skin. Cleans exquisitely. Excellent, too, for overnight use.

Today get Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil—one of the superb Special Formula Creams that many say are a "best buy" at your 10c store.

LANDER'S SPECIAL FORMULA CREAMS ONLY 10¢ EACH



FOR VICTORY • Buy War Stamps and Bonds

You Help Someone You Know When You Give to the U. S. O.



Blonde hair is so lovely when it shines with cleanliness. That's why I want you to go to your nearest 10c store and get the new shampoo made specially for you. It is a fragrant powder that whips up into lavish cleansing suds. Instantly removes the dull, dust and oil-laden film that makes blonde hair drab-looking. Called Blondex, it helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair. Takes but 11 minutes and you do it yourself at home. Blondex is absolutely safe even for children's hair. For extra lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. Can be used on all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little to use. At 10c, drug and department stores.

ICELAND—STORY

(*Continued from page 45*)

six-foot-two of him. Slip Riggs watched glumly while Jimmy stepped out to look over Iceland.

The Corporal apologized for his driver's bad manners and worse ability. The Corporal said how pleased he was to meet the people of the town in person.

"Well," said Slip when Jimmy came back.

"Her name's Katina Jonsdottir. Her father runs a coffee shop."

"Married?"

"Just waiting."

"What's the situation?"

"The Marines have landed, haven't they?" Jimmy said.

Slip said: "Oh, oh."

"They're dancing at the hotel tonight—she and her ex-beau."

"Ex-beau?"

"Did you ever see me do the Iceland Lindy, pal?" said Corporal James Murfin.

murfin-on-the-spot . . .

The Jorg Hotel was small, colorful and featured a jazz band and smorgasbord. Smorgasbord is Scandinavian hash in small doses; put enough of it together, and you have a hot dog. But Jimmy Murfin wasn't interested in food when he barged into the café; nor in the music or the crowd—British and American soldiers and Marines, some native Icelanders, bright-cheeked, laughing girls. Jimmy was looking for a blonde with wide, innocent eyes. Katina.

She was dancing with her beau, Sven, when he came in. He crossed the floor slowly until she saw him. The music was a low, soft background, and he cut in on the dance hardly looking at Sven.

"I'm glad you came," she said.

Then they were twirling slowly past the other dancers, toward the door at the back of the café. It opened on a small empty room that looked out on the bleak, snow-filled Icelandic scene. It was quiet in there and dark. From the café room outside came the sound of music and laughter, the shuffle of feet.

They hardly heard it; they heard nothing at all. Looking up Katina could see the light glints in his eyes and the soft curve of his mouth smiling down at her.

Bending swiftly, he kissed her.

She said simply: "I wanted that."

He was laughing now. "Did you? You're a funny kid."

"Am I?"

"You're the kind of girl a guy could really go for."

"Am I?"

The music came in again, loud and fast this time, and a girl's voice rode out over the background of trumpets. They danced back into the room, and as they twirled, Jimmy saw a girl on the stand. A girl named Adele whom he'd jilted back in the States. He stiffened. "Come on, Katina, I'd better get you back," he said. "Your beau'll think you're lost."

"He's not my beau," Katina said.

"Besides, I've got to get back."

"I'll see you again?" Katina said.

"Just keep looking," Jimmy said. "I'm the guy with the light in his eyes."

Outside, Slip was waiting for him, bundled up against the chill, driving wind. When Jimmy came out, Slip grabbed his arm. "Did you see her?"

"Who, Adele? Yes . . . but did *you* see Katina? She's wonderful. Where did they ever get the name Iceland with a gal like that around?"

"Never mind the Iceland popsicle.



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More important, Adele's singing here."

Jimmy groaned, "Why did she ever have to leave Brooklyn."

"Maybe you had something to do with it," Slip said.

"I don't know where she got the idea I'd marry her."

At the Coffee Shop the whole family was waiting for Katina and Sven. They had been waiting that way for weeks, waiting for Sven to propose to Katina, waiting for Katina to accept. As soon as the door opened, Papa called: "Well, is it all settled? Are you going to wed?"

"Oh, yes," Katina said happily.

"Wonderful," said Helga, Katina's younger sister. "Now Valtyr's father will let Valtyr and me get married. You know how old-fashioned he is. He insists that the older sister marry first."

"Wonderful," said Aunt Sophie. "Now Valtyr's father will save the coffee shop from bankruptcy."

"Sven," cried Papa. "My future son-in-law. Come have a drink."

"It isn't me," Sven said glumly.

"Not you!"

"It's an American, I think."

"Who? An American? Katina!"

"His name," said Katina gaily, just before she closed her bedroom door, "is James Aloysius Murfin."

So the next few weeks were happy. Didn't Jimmy tell her that he liked home comforts and home cooking; and couldn't she make fifty different kinds of smorgasbord? And didn't Jimmy tell her there was no one else like her, and that some day he wanted a little home with a girl like her around to call herself Mrs. Jimmy Murfin?

Of course he seemed to jump a little every time Papa spoke about setting a date; and he didn't seem to like Herrn Tegnar, the Justice of Peace very much. But then men were strange.

There was a celebration that week in honor of the Marines. Around the pond the native Icelanders gathered in gay costumes; soldiers mixed in the audience. A band played gayly at one side.

let's face it . . .

And on the ice, Katina skated. Behind her swooped a troupe of native boys and girls, but it was Katina that held their eyes. She was like a beam of moonlight, weightless, graceful, romantic. She swooped past them in long, effortless glides, she spun like a shimmering icicle.

"Brother, she's good," Slip said.

"Yeah," Jimmy said.

"Everybody thinks you're going to marry her."

"I never said—"

"Well, that's what they think."

"I was going to talk to her tonight," Jimmy said. "I don't want her to get any ideas."

He was waiting for her as she came off the ice at the end of her final number, breathless, flushed, looking for him. He bent to untie her skates and not meeting her eyes, he said: "I've got something to tell you."

"Yes, Jimmy?" she said.

She bent to help him with the skates and her hair brushed against his face. "Jimmy," she said. "I love you so much."

Down in the village the bells in the church steeple began to sound softly through the night air. "That's St. Olaf's," Katina said. "There's a custom in our country for sweethearts to get married on his day."

"That's swell," Jimmy said absently.

"Would you like that, Jimmy?"

"I'd like nothing better," Jimmy said. "Only—"

She rose happily. "Then we'll set it for then," she said.

"Listen—" Jimmy said desperately.

But before he could say anything more, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed him. After that, for a long time, there was nothing he wanted to say.

Going back to the barracks that night, Slip said to him, "Is it all settled?"

"I couldn't tell her," Jimmy said.

Slip stopped outside the Nissen hut. "You can't do that, Jimmy. She's just a kid. She's sweet. She's innocent. She's—"

"You try telling her," Jimmy said harshly. He ripped into the Nissen hut.

Slip stood there a moment silently. "You asked for it, pal," he said softly.

So the blow-out at the Jorg Hotel was Slip's idea. It took a little doing, of course. Adele? Adele was on a boat back to America, he told Jimmy. There was nothing to worry about. Old Slip just wanted to treat everybody to a good time. They were all there at a table that night—Slip, Jimmy and Katina.

out of the frying pan . . .

But Adele hadn't left. She came out on cue and when she sang her song, she sang it straight at Jimmy. Everybody could see it. At the end of the number she crossed the room to their table.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said.

For a while Slip thought he'd arranged to hit too hard. It was a good idea to have Adele tell Jimmy off in front of Katina; that would tell the whole story. But it was like murder. You could see the kid's heart was breaking; it was there in her eyes.

But she stayed through it all. She listened while Adele spilled everything. How Jimmy had run out on her at the

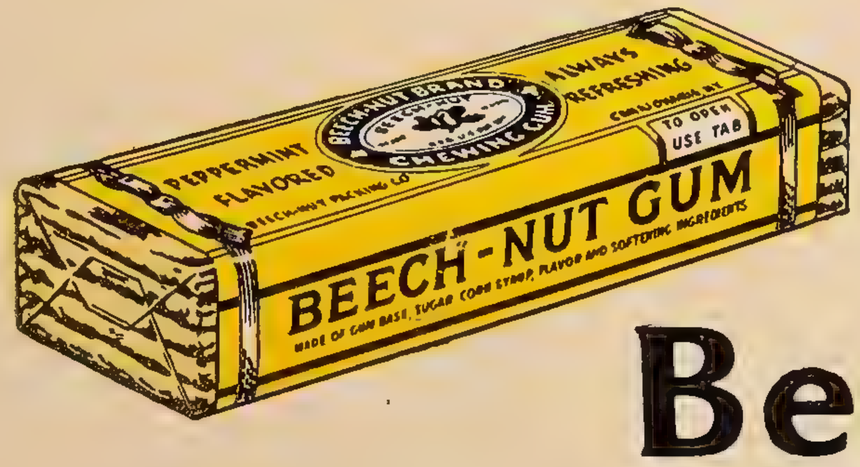
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last minute, how he'd given her a song and dance about moonlight and roses and love . . . and marriage. It all added up to nothing; it was just his line.

She sat through it all until Jimmy, to shut up Adele, took her out on the dance floor away from Katina. Only then with no one to see her but Slip, the tears came to her eyes and her shoulders moved slightly as if she were crying. Even then she didn't say anything. She got up and started to the door.

"I'm sorry," Slip said. "It was the best way. You had to find out.

Jimmy followed her, of course. He told her he loved her. But later he got mad when she had the marriage license filled out by Herrn Tegnar with his name. He said he loved her, but he wouldn't marry her. He said he was no good at all for her.

Then when he didn't come for a week, she went to see him at the barracks and found him marching off to the docks with a detail of Marines. It was all for the best, he said; he'd bring her nothing but grief. Maybe he was right. But seeing him march off, all she knew was that she loved him and missed him.

She wanted to be alone then. But the kitchen was full when she got back to the Coffee Shop. The family was there —Papa, Helga, Aunt Sophie, Grandma.

"Ah," Papa said when she came in, "everything is fine. Valtyr's father was here. Helga will be married right after you. And I've already sent out the invitations for your marriage."

"No," Katina said.

"No?" Papa said. "No?"

"Yes. I'll never get married now," Helga cried bitterly.

"Quiet!" Papa roared. "I have sent out invitations. There will be a marriage. If it is not the American, it will be Sven."

little white lie . . .

"I won't marry Sven," Katina said.

"You will do as I say," Papa shouted.

"I can't marry him," Katina said wildly.

"Can't?" Papa said. "Can't?"

"I'm married already," Katina said.

"Married!"

"I'm Mrs. James Aloysius Murfin."

"And where is your husband?"

"He's gone with the Marines." She was in her bedroom, leaning against the door before they could ask her anything else.

"Well," Papa said, "a marriage is a marriage. How soon can you arrange for yours, Helga?"

So Helga and Valtyr were to be married at last. Papa explained gravely to Valtyr's father that Katina had been married by the Army Chaplain. It was all regular, in order; the records were with the military officials. And how was the herring business—good enough to help out a little Coffee Shop, perhaps?

It would have worked. It was only a little lie Katina had told so that Helga could get married. Let Helga, at least, be happy. Katina kept herself busy helping with the arrangements for the marriage. On the set day she helped with the food and with the flowers. She helped Helga with her dress. Anything to keep her hands busy.

"Katina!"

Like that! She could almost swear she heard him and if she looked up—

"Jimmy!"

He was standing in the doorway, holding a bouquet of flowers, smiling at her. "They didn't send me away after all, baby," he said. "It was just dock detail."

Before she could move, her family had surrounded Jimmy, pumping his hand, clapping him on the back while he stood there bewildered.

"Welcome back," they shouted.

"Did you bring the certificate of marriage with you?" Papa said.

"Papa," Katina cried sharply. "I want to be alone with Jimmy."

"That's natural," Aunt Sophie said.

When they were alone, Jimmy said suspiciously: "What's all this about a marriage certificate?"

She explained it to him shamefacedly. She had thought it would do no harm. He was leaving, and no one would ever know. It was just a little story so that Helga could get married.

"A little story!" Jimmy yelled.

"It was only because I love you," Katina said softly. "They wanted me to marry Sven, but I couldn't. . . ."

"So we have to play Mr. and Mrs. until Helga is married tonight?"

"Will you, Jimmy?"

"All right," Jimmy said. "Strictly as a favor."

They were together when the musicians played "Here Comes The Bride" for Helga and Valtyr. They watched the dancing. They even danced the Lover's Knot together. But it was only play acting. . . .

Or was it?

At the end of the evening, it was the Icelandic custom that the bride and the groom be serenaded to their bridal chamber. Blushing and giggling, Helga and Valtyr were led off while the musicians struck up something gay and romantic.

But then Papa returned with the musicians. Aunt Sophie smiled mischievously from a corner. There would be a serenade for Katina and Jimmy, too, Papa announced. There was a bridal chamber made ready for them.

"But we're married already," Katina said desperately. "We shouldn't be serenaded to a bridal chamber."

"It sounds like a swell idea," Jimmy said blandly.

They danced them down the hall, the warm friendly voices singing. She didn't dare object. And Jimmy, grinning, only paused once on the way to whisper something in Slip's ear.

In the bridal chamber Katina stood whitefaced against the door. Outside the music of the serenade floated in the air. They could hear Papa boasting to Valtyr's father. Katina eyed Jimmy cautiously. He started toward her.

"Don't!" she said.

"Why, honey," Jimmy said. "We're married, aren't we. You said so."

"I'll tell them. I'll tell them everything. I warn you, Jimmy Murfin!"

Without stopping, still laughing, he swept her into his arms.

"Break," said a voice from the window.

It was Slip. And behind him, climbing into the room, was Herrn Tegnar, the Justice of the Peace. He was a little startled, Herrn Tegnar, but then

"Why did you bring Herrn Tegnar here?" Katina whispered.

But Jimmy didn't answer her. Instead he said "I do" at the right place in the marriage service. That was answer enough; that was answer for everything. That, and a few kisses. Tomorrow there would be music, dancing, skating, eating, sixty kinds of smorgasbord. . . .

At that, kisses and smorgasbord were alike; you never got enough of either.

Katina Jonsdottir	*Sonja Henie*
Corp. James Murfin	*John Payne*
Slip Riggs	*Jack Oakie*
Papa	*Felix Bressart*
Helga	*Osa Massen*
Adele Wynn	*Joan Merrill*
Tegnar	*Fritz Feld*
Sverdrup Svensson	*Sterling Holloway*

WHAT THEY EXPECT FROM A DATE

(*Continued from page 43*)

Sometimes the gang gathers at the Palladium. Jane's latest yen is to start a dancing class for service men. After all, it was she who taught AC to glide, wasn't it?

She wears formals only to premieres—otherwise a print or tailored suit. She likes her clothes brilliant in color and simple in line—red, royal blue and fuchsia being her current favorites. The night before a date, she tries on every dress she owns and sticks every pin up against it to get the effect.

Mostly she has dinner at home, runs out to play with the dogs for a while to allow an interval between eating and showering, then goes upstairs. Until lately, her mother had to pick out the evening's costume and help her dress. Now she's on her own and, being a little new at the business, takes Rex, the Belgian shepherd, along for company. He flops on the dressing room floor and watches the rites, which take between thirty and forty-five minutes, depending on how fresh she is from the beauty parlor. If her hair's just been done, it's easy. Sometimes she wears it in a pompadour and behind her ears, sometimes parted in the center with a long bob. The first makes her look older; the family prefers the second.

A little powder, a little lipstick, a touch of mascara for formals, a drop of light perfume on her handkerchief. Once she dabbed it self-consciously behind her ears. "That's sophisticated," she confided to Rex. "They do it in the movies."

When she's ready—before the boy comes, because promptness has been preached at her all her life—Mrs. Withers gives her a strict once-over. Then she comes down to pirouette before Daddy. But if her escort compliments her, she goes shy and turns it off by telling him how keen that tie is with that suit. Freddie kids around. "If Louis B. Mayer calls, tell him I'm busy, will you?" Mrs. Withers has some flowers for AC's mother. "They'll be wrapped and waiting on the table when you get back." Then she sees the young ones to the car—the sedan, by Jane's choice, so they can give waiting soldiers a lift. "You all be good," says Mom, "and be home by twelve."

"Got any gum?" That's Jane, as they drive off. She's made a deal with her mother, says she won't ever touch a cigarette, if Mom please won't fuss at her about chewing gum.

After the dance or the movie they stop at Simon's Drive-In for a bacon and tomato sandwich and a lime freeze. Jane gets in by twelve and would gladly spend the rest of the night telling all to Mom. What thrills her most is seeing stars. She's as movie-struck as your own adolescent. Mrs. Withers finally shoos her off to bed and sees that she's in it. Else she'd spend an hour or two writing up her date-book and straightening her dresser drawers, which were last straightened that afternoon. Miss Withers is known to her folks as "the old maid."

To celebrate his birthday, AC coaxed Mrs. Withers into letting him take Jane to her first night club. She went wild with excitement, but wouldn't it cost too much? She knew what. The Mocambo had little tables over at the side, where you didn't have to pay a cover charge. "It's my birthday," said AC. "We're hav-

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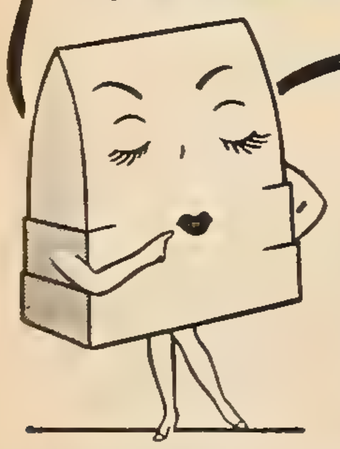
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ing the works." So the works it was.

She wore a white dress with a row of fuchsia flowers, casting longing glances meantime at the black her mother won't let her wear till she's seventeen. By that time, Mrs. Withers hopes, it'll be out of style. She doesn't know why she let Jane heckle her into buying it. But didn't Mom think it was just the thing for tonight. Mom didn't.

She wore silver slippers, a silver ribbon in her hair and a short white ermine wrap. AC brought baby orchids, which she fastened to her shoulder. After dinner at Gail Patrick's, they proceeded to the Mocambo, whose decor includes birds in cages. Jane worried about the birds having to sit up all night, enjoyed her lime freeze till she found it cost eighty cents, craned her neck for movie stars, spotted Deanna Durbin, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, and when AC asked her to dance, said she'd rather sit and look if it was all the same to him.

At eleven word went abroad that Mae West was expected. Jane would die if she couldn't see Mae West. They phoned Mrs. Withers, leaving the door of the booth open, so the wonderful music and stuff would break her down. Mae arrived at last with four escorts. "Gee," breathed Jane, "if I could only get her autograph!"

* * *

Janet Blair's the kid with the big brown eyes and chestnut hair who hoofed with George Raft in "Broadway" and still can't believe she's my sister Eileen. She promised her mother she'd never bleach her hair, but for a part like Eileen, what mother wouldn't release a girl from her promise?

She shares an apartment with her sister and goes out with several boys, especially John Howard who calls her Punk'n. Their activities are diversified and informal. Ice-skating, roller-skating—if she's had a hard day, dinner at a drive-in so she won't have to change from slacks. Or they go to his house. John's parents must be fun. Hedy Lamarr used to love spending evenings there, so does Janet. She and John sing for the recording machine, or they all play records or darts or silly little house games or poker for stakes that can lose you as much as fifty cents. There's always homemade ice cream, and Janet gets the big dipper to lick.

For dancing, she prefers the Cocoanut Grove. Partly because the floor's so huge that, even when crowded, you can move, not wriggle. But mostly because of happy memories. She used to sing there with Hal Kemp's band. She knows all the waiters and the lady in the powder room. She knows Freddie Martin, whose orchestra's playing there now, and she knows the boys. Going back to the Cocoanut Grove is like Old Home Week.

She's probably the world's quickest dresser, can make it in ten minutes flat. Shower, underwear, dress. Peasant clothes in summer, or a light suit, her favorite color being red. For make-up, mostly lipstick. Then a comb through her hair, which is always in good condition because it's naturally curly and she's bugs on brushing. A do-gadget on her lapel or round her neck. She's got drawers full of the junk bought at the ten-cent store, which lures her as Tiffany's lures other women. A dab of Cobra or Breathless on her bra and wrists, behind the ears, at the nape of the neck. Not too much—she hates to reek. Mostly no hat, unless she remembers that mother'd like her to be a lady and wear one.

Where they eat doesn't matter, so long as the food's foreign—Chinese, Russian, Hungarian, Swedish. She's a healthy eater and prefers to have the man order for her.

Still fresh as a daisy at two, she likes to drop in at the Bar of Music to hear a couple of wonderful pianists, then to the Brown Derby for coffee and eggs, and so home, harmonizing all the way.

Back in her room, she turns on the radio, scrubs her face and brushes her teeth—with a guilty sense that mother would know if she didn't—hangs up her clothes, goes through the apartment closing windows and doors—she can't stand a closet door standing ajar—opens the bedroom window, turns off the radio and gets into bed, still humming. At twenty-one, life's a song to Janet. She can't be sure, but she thinks she sings in her sleep.

* * *

Alexis Smith isn't engaged to Craig Stevens, the goodlooker who's getting a build-up at Warners', but she doesn't date anyone else. Craig isn't engaged to Alexis, but he travels the eighteen miles from Beverly to Glendale just to take her bowling. "I'll pack a lunch," he phones, "and be right over."

For bowling she wears slacks and pigtails which her mother braids and ties with bows. She used to be one of your never-on-time girls. Craig didn't beef, but there was a look in his eyes which told her she'd better mend her ways. Now she's ready when he comes.

They drive to the Sunset Bowling Alley, play three or four games and wind up at a drive-in for a strawberry milkshake which has to be so thick that you can turn it upside down, and it won't run out. Otherwise they send it back.

Not more than once a month they go out fancy. Alexis makes a four-thirty date at Westmore's to have her hair done. Not washed, since the studio takes care of that when she's working, and she's been working steadily in "The Constant Nymph" and "Gentleman Jim." So it's just combed and lacquered, pompadoured in front, swirled up behind. To keep the creation intact, her mother once had to rip the back seam of the dress she'd worn to the beauty parlor. Now she's careful to wear one that buttons down the front.

Then comes the production number of getting a shower cap on and off. With that, the worst is over, she's earned a rest, wraps herself in a robe and runs down to gab to her mother. "You'll be late, Alexis." "Oh no, there's loads of time." But suddenly there isn't, and the rest is a scramble, with tops left off jars and powder all over the bathroom.

Make-up in moderation. A base to hide the freckles. Rouge. Mascara and eyebrow pencil because she's very blonde, and if she didn't use them, she says, any resemblance to Alexis Smith of the movies would be purely coincidental. Most of her clothes are black—because there's nothing smarter, because it's most flattering to her, and because her only fur coat is a silver fox which looks best against black.

She wears little round pearl or rhinestone earrings and a small flat black velvet bow in her hair, unless the dress is too sophisticated. Since she can't afford real jewels, she'd rather have none, so buys clothes that don't need a lot of dressing up. Any perfume that's light. If the dress is new, she goes down to show herself off. In their old house, where she'd grown up among the neighbors, she had to be ready fifteen minutes ahead of time and go running around back fences and kitchen doors to give them all a look. She doesn't know the new neighbors well enough for that.

Craig's ring usually finds her at the dressing table, a blouse that's ready for the laundry over her slinky evening gown, fingers fussing with her hair. She runs down, forgetting her wrap and bag, runs back, changes things over from day to evening bag, grabs up her wrap and flies. Craig has a mystery gardenia for her shoulder. She can never remember which shoulder it goes on, so it won't be crushed while they're dancing. "The right," mother tells her for the hundredth time.

"Come home early," says Dad. "You're still a growing girl."

They go to the Players, where the atmosphere is restful and conducive to relaxed dining, order fruit cocktail, consommé, chef's salad, steak, french fries for her, baked potato for him, tea for her, coffee for him. The pie on the menu looks wonderful when they start out, but by the time they get there they settle for sherbet. There are plenty of windows, so the air never gets stuffy and the floor's never crowded. They dance between courses. The rumba's their favorite. Like Linda, they dance their appetites back and fill up on hamburgers and milk at a drive-in on their way home.

One night, what with tires and taxes, they decided to see how much fun they could have on how little money. Seventy-eight cents did it. Twenty-four apiece to hold hands in a fourth-run movie house, fifteen each for milkshakes. Nothing for laughs. The soft sweet night and the moon thrown in. As for what goes with such nights and such a moon, "Let's skip that," said Alexis. But you can't be sued for what you imagine.

WHAT'S NEW UNDER YOUR HAT

(Continued from page 53)

creation can also be had with a safety pin attachment for holding flowers, bows and—hooray!—hats, too, on your head. Pin one of these precious gadgets into your sailors and beanies, and put an end to that unhappy gesture of walking around with one hand clutching your head.

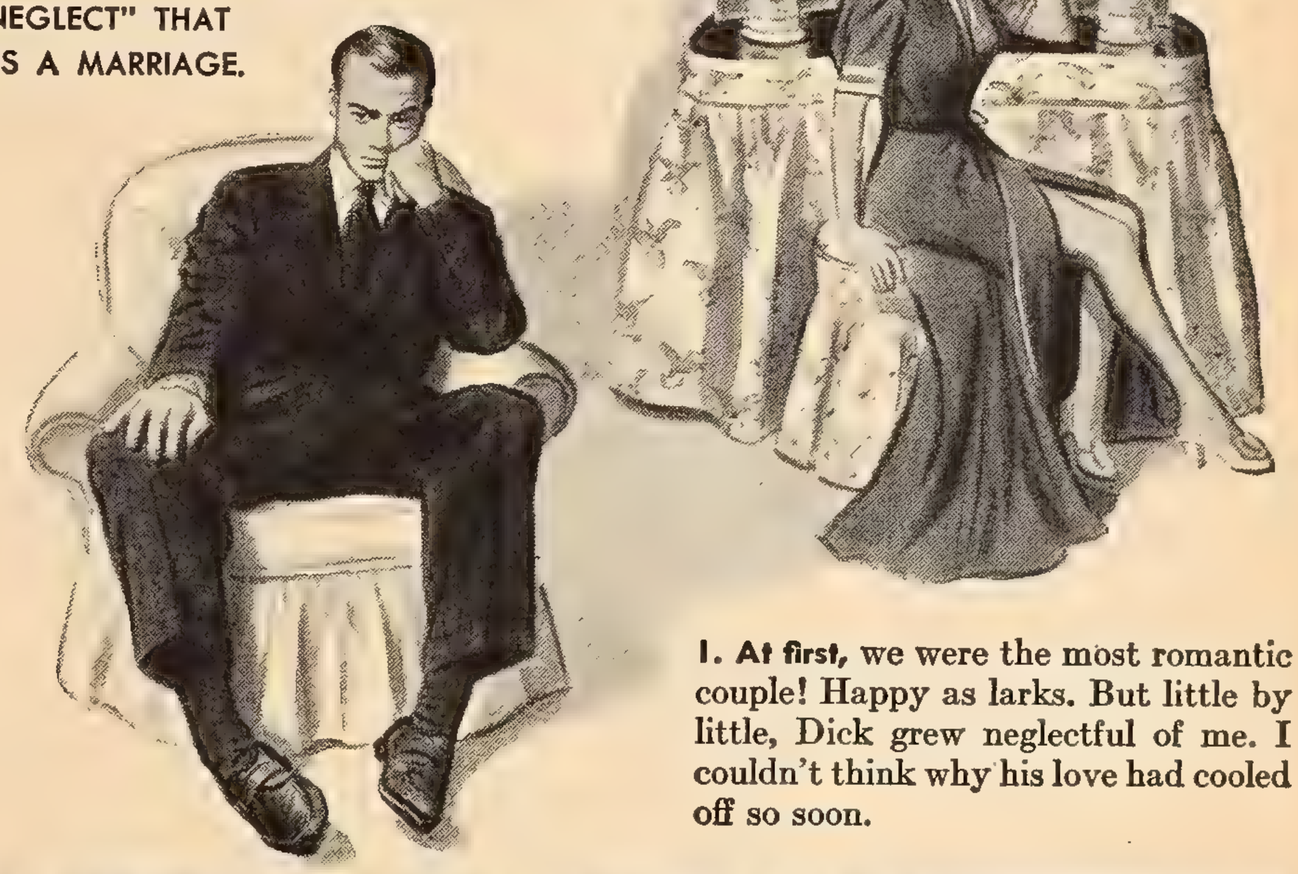
As to your hat—here are a few important don'ts. No pill-boxes with long bobs, please. And no cover-up hats with brims if your hair is short. No hat should hide all the hair that's under it. If you have a long narrow face, tilt your hat. Don't wear it perched on top. If you wear glasses—buy an off-the-face hat—and comb your hair up off the forehead.

Rosemary Lane has a word for the wise we'll pass on to you. She recommends as a good looks aid that you "learn to be your own hairdresser." Train yourself to take your hair-dos apart and put them back together again. You can't run to the beauty parlor every time a ringlet slips. Watch the operator while she is pinning your curls, and be your own repair shop. While you're dressing for a big date, dampen loose ends or wisps with lacquer, brilliantine, wave-set or what-have-you, turn 'em up on hair or bob pins, and leave them to dry while you go about other business.

One more rule, my chickadee . . . hands off your hair when you're out and around the town. Don't ever touch your comb while you are sipping a soda at the counter or meeting a friend on the corner. Do your hair right behind closed doors, and you won't have to do it out in the open for all the world to see.

"Married— to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.



1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.



2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.



3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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(Continued from page 15)

97's used by the little brown men were almost exact copies of our Ryans, so no major changes were necessary . . . Biggest problem was to locate five of these particular ships. Owners of the 10 known to be in this country were contacted, and five agreed to fly their ships to Salt Lake City, where the scenes were filmed . . . No accidents occurred. Residents of Utah were informed by radio to ignore planes with the insignia of the Rising Sun . . . Marine scenes were shot at Salton Sea, 250 feet below sea level, the lowest point on Continental United States. Because of climatic conditions, Cameraman Dyer had to lubricate his equipment with whale oil of low density . . . Dyer had the two large side doors of a giant DC-3 transport plane removed, so he could photograph the dogfight scenes . . . Every move had to be plotted with toy planes on a table top before shooting for the day could begin. The pilots and Dyer spent hours huddling around the blackboard, until every problem that might possibly arise was ironed out . . . During the bombardment of Wake Island, Filipinos, hired to portray Japs, "died" at the first sound of gun-fire. Nothing would induce them to keep advancing. Finally about 40 of the 150 agreed to act brave, but their hearts weren't in it—they felt they weren't really in character.

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

He was gaunt then, incredibly weak and thin, on that July day in 1939 when 60,000 people jammed the Yankee Stadium to do him honor. There were tears in his eyes but, oddly, they were tears of happiness and, husky-voiced, he whispered into the microphone that he thought he was the luckiest person in the world—this man who knew he was going to die soon. New York roared its farewell to this son of its streets, the "Iron Man" of baseball, to the gentle-faced and great-hearted Lou Gehrig.

It was more than good-by to a baseball hero; at the end he had become a symbol. Not all the great and good Americans are in the history books; you can find them sometimes on farms, in factories—clerks, laborers, seamen, mechanics and baseball players. For there is a pattern in American life which can make the common man heroic beyond conquerors and dictators. In life and in death, Lou Gehrig was a symbol of that.

It's a simple story, and "Pride Of The Yankees" tells it lovingly and with a wealth of ordinary detail that was its flavor and meaning. The Gehrigs were just another family on the East Side of New York; Pa, who somehow could never keep a job very long; Ma, intensely proud and strong-willed; Lou, serious, a plugger, but still playing ball in the junk-littered lots on the street corners, hoarding the baseball player pictures that came with Sweet Caporal cigarettes.



Ma Gehrig saw her son through high school and into Columbia—on his way to being an engineer, an "educated" person like Uncle Otto whose gilt framed picture hung in the place of honor in the parlor as an incentive to young Lou. But fate and America had different plans for this chunky son of an immigrant family.

When a crisis arose, and the family needed money desperately for an operation for Ma, Lou turned to the one thing he knew well to earn the money—baseball. The rest of the story could have happened only here; for Lou went on, you know, to become a member of the Yankees, key man in the "murderers' row," setting incredible records, earning more money than the "educated" Uncle Otto had ever dreamed of.

But "Pride Of The Yankees" is more than a picture of a pattern of success. It's a love story, too, tender and great-hearted as the man who is its hero. It's the heart-warming story of Lou and Eleanor Gehrig, their meeting and marriage, their years together building a sweetly happy life. That part of the story is no hero's tale; it's almost too simple and ordinary to be dramatic. But because it is so simple, it touches depths beyond many a more high-flown romance.

Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan are teamed again in "Pride Of The Yankees"; Gary as Lou Gehrig and Brennan as a sports writer who was his intimate friend. Teresa Wright, whom you last saw in "Mrs. Miniver" and "The Little Foxes," got the coveted role of Eleanor Gehrig. Elsa Jannsen plays Lou's mother in a role beautifully drawn and detailed; Ludwig Stossel, his father. Dan Duryea, Virginia Gilmore, Ernie Adams and Hardie Albright round out the cast.

It's a Goldwyn production which means that the picture has been produced imaginatively and with all the craftsmanship that Hollywood can afford. "Pride Of The Yankees" is a picture full of the sweet flavor of life despite its tragic ending. Throughout there are scenes that will catch and hold your eyes and your heart. It's a picture for everyone and a fitting tribute to Lou Gehrig, baseball player, American and a man.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Samuel Goldwyn arranged the first showing of "Pride Of The Yankees" for Mrs. Gehrig alone. She emerged from the projection room with tears in her eyes and confessed she could hardly bear it the first few minutes the picture was on the screen. Gary Cooper was a fine actor, she told Goldwyn—had Lou's mannerisms and gestures exactly. Mrs. Gehrig also praised Teresa Wright (who is Mrs. G. in the picture), saying, "There isn't another actress in Hollywood who could have done as well" . . . Gary trained for the baseball sequences with Lefty O'Doul, former big-league slugger . . . Goldwyn pleaded with Irving Berlin via long distance phone for weeks before securing permission to use "Always." It's Berlin's favorite ballad, but he finally gave in . . . No one but Babe Ruth could play the Sultan of Swat, so the Bambino came out to the Coast especially for the picture. Mr. Goldwyn winces every time he thinks how much he had to pay the guy! . . . 110 sets were constructed for the film—18 more than were used in "Gone With the Wind" . . . Most complicated and expensive set was the duplication of the Chicago World's Fair. Two complete sound stages were used . . . Cooper wandered around for weeks before production began, talking to scripter Paul Gallico, practicing batting left-handed.

THE LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Everybody knows Edgar Allan Poe whose Raven has been croaking "Nevermore" in the classrooms of America ever since that moody genius first put him on paper. But not everyone knows that his life story was as tragically romantic as the most delicate of his love lyrics. In a life, disappointing and poverty-stricken, he found his only brief, personal happiness in the love of his wife, Virginia.

Played against a background of the America of the eighteen hundreds, "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe" parades some famous names across the screen; Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Thomas Jefferson, Robert E. Lee appear briefly. The story swings upward from Richmond through New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was a time when America was expanding her frontiers, rough, conscious of her power.

Against this drop of a teeming, hurrying world was played the bittersweet tragedy of Poe's life. In a treatment remarkably free of bunk, Hollywood tells the simple, direct facts of his life. It carries him from the wild days at the University of Virginia when he tried to adapt himself to the life around him by playing fast and loose with the world, piling up huge debts at poker, drinking, cursing and loving with the southern



gentlemen who never understood him; it takes him to West Point where Poe, never meant to be a soldier, was bitterly unhappy and completely unfit for the life. And it brings him finally to the quiet all-consuming love of Virginia Clemm and tragedy of her early death.

It was a love story that was lived in all the back alleys of the great cities of the East. Tales, poems, editorials, criticisms flowed from his pen, never earning quite enough to keep them from the thin edge of poverty. He fought with his publishers, struggled against an unfair copyright law and tried to find a place for his genius and his talents. "The Raven," "Lenore," "Annabel Lee," the stories of mood and murder which have

made his fame were sold for mere pennies.

"The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe" teams Linda Darnell as Virginia Clemm and John Shepperd as the poet; as an extra bonus, Shepperd reads several of Poe's poems during the picture. Virginia Gilmore, Jane Darwell, Mary Howard and Frank Conroy all carry important roles.

It's a curious coincidence that the same month should bring the "Moon and Sixpence" and the story of Edgar Allan Poe to the screen; for one is the story of an artist in paint and the other the story of an artist in words. The artist of "The Moon and Sixpence" flees the world; Poe stayed with it to the bitter end. And ultimately, neither of them was defeated, for their poems and pictures were immortal.—*TCF.*

P. S.

Director Harry Lachman was tempted to have his pet talking Minah bird flit through the picture croaking "Nevermore!" . . . Research brought to light the fact that Poe used his manuscripts in the same manner the modern man-about-town employs etchings . . . Release of the picture will undoubtedly stimulate a terrific sale of Poe's works . . . Arthur Caesar wrote additional dialogue for the script, characterized Poe as a "man who would walk up stairs to buy a suit with two pair of pants." Caesar is a student of Poe from 'way back, knows most of his poems by heart . . . John Shepperd (Poe) used to play parts at M-G-M under the name of Shepperd Strudwick. Though taller and heavier than Poe, Shepperd greatly resembles the famous writer . . . Linda Darnell gives her mother a present every time she makes a picture. This time it was a diamond ring . . . Director Lachman and his beautiful Chinese wife, Chia, own one of the most unusual shops in Beverly Hills featuring patio furniture designed by Mr. L. himself . . . Producer Bryan Foy got the idea for the film after a talk with Edgar Allan Poe, III, a lawyer who's a descendant of a collateral line of the Poe family . . . While the picture was in production, Linda broke her last material tie with Texas when she sold her house in Dallas. She had spent only 14 days there during the past four years . . . Note of irony: One of the scenes in the picture cost more than Poe made during his entire life!

FLYING TIGERS

Over the fabled Burma Road, that thin, winding strip of precious road, East meets West. They meet in the air, twisting over the jagged peaks and cliffs, machine guns spitting. Even before December seventh there was a group of American aviators flying over the life line, diving on the massed Japanese bombers, working with the Chinese Armies that fought and died, undefeated, on the battlefields below. They weren't a regular army group then; they were volunteers, gathered from everywhere —old China hands, transport pilots, youngsters who came across the Pacific from the states, former Army and Navy flyers, old timers who had learned flying by the seat of their pants. The A. V. G. —American Volunteer Group—the Flying Tigers.

Of their exploits Republic has fashioned a picture. Perhaps it leans too heavily on other and older air pictures, but the locale is new and the formula sure and effective. At Kutsing, air base for the Tigers, were gathered a tough and lean-figured group of pilots who took the air daily against overwhelming odds. They flew for money, for ideals, for China and some just for the hell of it.



You would have found there Jim Gordon, the squadron leader, slow-spoken, serious; Hap Davis, his eyes going bad; Blackie Bales, out to redeem himself; Alabama Smith, McCurdy, Tex Norton, Reardon, Dale. Some of them marked for death, some of them for glory—all of them itchy-fingered for the planes with the rising sun on their wings.

To Kutsing, too, comes Woody Jason, talking big, flying big; on the make for money and on the make for any skirt that crossed his path. The main current of the story follows the triangle between Jim Gordon, Woody and the lovely, efficient Red Cross nurse, Brooke Elliot. It had been Brooke and Jim until Woody turned up; Woody always ready for a good time when Jim was struggling with the paper work of a squadron leader. Woody with his gags and laughter where Jim was slow and serious. You couldn't really blame Brooke for falling a bit for his line; you couldn't really blame anybody, because it was a very good line.



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Or perhaps you might blame Woody. For Woody had his eye out only for the number one man—Woody Jason. That might have been all right on the ground. But in the air, it meant death. It meant death for Blackie Bales when Woody failed to cover his tail, and it meant death for Hap Davis when Woody failed to turn up on time and Hap took his place.

It all works up to the climax of December seventh and a dangerous flight into enemy territory—a flight the group couldn't undertake; only a single plane. And in that single plane Jim and Woody find themselves dependent on one another. In the crisis Woody sends Jim to safety and carries through the assignment alone. He makes it back alive, too.

You'll find John Wayne as Jim Gordon; it's a good role for Wayne who's on his way slowly but surely to stardom. There's another Gary Cooper hidden there and coming up the same way, out of the horse operas and the quickies. John Carroll is the swashbuckling Woody Jason and Anna Lee plays Brooke Elliot. Paul Kelly, Gordon Jones and Edmund MacDonald have important roles; and don't miss Mae Clarke, returned to the screen in a minor role. It's an action picture with all the trimmings and the never failing excitement of wings slashing across the screen. —*Rep.*

P. S.

The six P-40 canvas-and-plywood planes built especially for the picture took a staff of workmen exactly six weeks to build. Perfect duplicates of the real thing, they're equipped with obsolete motors so they can do everything but take off. Every studio in Hollywood has put in a bid for their use, but Republic has them bedded down on the home lot surrounded by more guards than Fort Knox . . . Special scenes were shot at Curtiss Aircraft Co. in Buffalo. The United States Government gave the studio permission to film both aerial and ground scenes there . . . Outstanding in the cast of over 200 men is Anna Lee, the lovely blonde widow of "How Green Was My Valley" . . . Technical advisers were two honest-to-goodness members of the Flying Tigers—Ken Sanger, radio technician, and Larry Moore, who was staff secretary to Col. Chennault . . . Actor Gordon Jones has a brother serving as a Captain under General Joe Stillwell. Jones plays a pilot with the Group . . . Included in the picture are several thousand feet of film showing Jap planes in actual combat over Burma and China. Pictures were culled from Japanese propaganda files . . . The prop department made exact copies of the signs all "Flying Tigers" wear on their backs. The Chinese characters, translated, read "This American has come to the aid of the Chinese. He should be respected by all and by all persons of military rank." . . . Mae Clarke is used to playing in war pictures. Got her start in them starring in silent version of "Waterloo Bridge."

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS

What with tourist travel cut to the bone by transportation priorities, and vacations likely to be back-yard affairs in these days of war, "Pierre of the Plains" jaunts up to the Canadian Northwest to catch a few fish in the backwoods, away from the world and its worries. Maybe a few of the fish it catches aren't quite fresh, but the boys are in there casting away all the time.

It's a triangle story among the towering pines. Up there in the Northwest, Pierre, trapper and guide, is in love with Daisy Denton, but Daisy hasn't decided yet whether or not to marry a chap named Jap Durkin. Now you know and I know that no girl in her right mind is going to marry anybody named Jap these days. But it's a tight squeeze for a while before Daisy declares for Pierre and the Free French.

The whole thing is complicated by a murder and a couple of fights. A trader named Clerou is shot deader than a mackerel which somehow wandered up into that trout stream country, and Pierre has a tough reel or two setting things right. The chase takes him backwoods with a comedy tenderfoot and finally ends in a slam-bang fight near an abandoned mill.

Such first rate actors as John Carroll, Bruce Cabot and Ruth Hussey are involved in these shenanigans, and they are, reading from left to right, capable, handsome and beautiful. You'll find



Henry Travers dropping a dry joke or two in his accustomed manner. It's a bit surprising to find the svelte and sophisticated Miss Hussey tussling with trout, but as was stated above this picture is strictly a vacation number.

"Pierre of the Plains" is a harmless double-biller, but this is no time for business as usual. They're not making any more pleasure cars in Detroit; out Hollywood way there are still plenty of Mrs. Minivers and Wake Islands waiting to be made. Entertaining, too. It may be a good idea to bring the single feature back; there are still Bingo and free dishes to fill out the bills.

As for Pierre, did we mention that he gets Daisy, who, you remember, is Ruth Hussey . . .

Ah, zat lucky Pierre!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Producer Edgar Selwyn was the original "Pierre" in the New York Stage version . . . John Carroll spent his free time at home, working in his Victory Garden, preparing one room of his house as an air raid shelter for the kids who go to school just 200 yards the other side of his property. He owns 1000 chickens; each one has a separate nest. Says John: "No egg for three days—fricassee" . . . the fight scene was saved for the last, so the

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Love, Honor and Heckle (Taylor-Stanwyck) ☐
Sugar Puss (Leslie) ☐
Modern Screen Goes to a Picnic ☐
Jivin' Jane (Withers) ☐
Young Man with a Soul (Ford) ☐
What They Expect from a Date ☐
"Iceland" ☐
Sentimental Gentleman (Tommy Dorsey) ☐
Good News ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

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ooys could really rough each other up. Both of them (Carroll and Cabot) rolled in and out of the river during the brawl without mishap, then nearly caught pneumonia doing a couple of scenes in a tank of warm water on a sound stage . . . Company went on location to Sonora, about 76 miles southeast of Sacramento . . . A special fish-hook had to be made for Evelyn Ankers—one that she could swing over her head and catch in her clothing with a minimum of practice . . . Between scenes, Cabot and Carroll kept on playing the game of gin rummy actually called for in the script . . . Jack MacVeigh is a former lawyer who walked out on his practice one day and enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Studio execs saw him, gave him a swell break in the picture, made plans to pick up his option. Uncle Sam beat 'em to it, and Jack is now in the service of his country after a quick career.

TOMBSTONE

Richard Dix sets his jaw . . . lays his gun aside . . . and starts thinking. It's the era of sprawling western towns and two-gun racketeers, but Dix feels that "Tombstone" should be built with brains and fists, and then .22's. The yarn is based on true incidents taken directly from the yellowed tomes of Tucson and the filming is done in the piney outdoors of California and Arizona.—*Par.*

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ICELAND—PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 45*)

before beginning "Iceland," she long-distance-phoned ace publicity man Jack Cooper at the studio. The most popular number in the show, she told him, was a Hawaiian hula; how could they work it into a picture with an "Iceland" background? The next day an item appeared in the columns stating that Sonja would do one super-colossal number based on the dances of all the peoples our soldiers were pledged to defend—among them, of course, the Hula!

Funniest sight during production was a small, stocky muscular gent togged out in dainty tulle ruffled costume, pirouetting and twirling on the ice. He's Bert Clark, Sonja's "skate-in."

Most stars would complain, but loud, if the attention were taken away from them, even in comedy scenes. Not the Henie. "The better they are, the better I like it," she says. Besides, Sonja knows that when she steps out on the ice—well, that's all, brother!

The day the red line of Los Angeles' official thermometer zoomed to 99, the "Iceland" company was shooting scenes on the back lot. Sonja was trigged out in heavy Winter clothing, complete to a fur-lined hood. Johnny Payne had on a regulation uniform, coat collar turned up, and a 30-pound pack on his back. After a couple of hours, the final "take" was okayed. Henie made a quick dash for her dressing room, locked the door, and peeled off her costume. Payne stripteased down to shirt and trousers, dived into the canvas wind-tunnel and yelled for the crew to turn it on full force.

"Lucky" Humberstone, fortified himself with another aspirin and made his way to the mouth of the tunnel.

"Will you please get out of there? You'll catch cold. Know what will happen then?" said Humberstone.

"You mean I'll die?" answered Payne, not budging.

"Die! Die!" screamed 'Lucky,' "Who said anything about dying? If you get pneumonia, you'll hold up the entire production and cost the company thousands of dollars!"

Quickies: Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who graduated at 70 from the University of California, is taking a course in shorthand and typing. Wants to answer her own fan mail, so she can urge folks to buy more War stamps and bonds. . . . Sonja's new skating partner is 20-year-old Eugene Turner, a local boy she saw skating at the Polar Palace. . . . Sterling Holloway averaged 20 hours of work per day, entertaining in a touring camp-show every night for the small units of soldiers stationed in the Hollywood hills; slept the other 4 if possible.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A SOUL

(*Continued from page 37*)

sunlight. "If you don't mind," he said, the Ford jaw beginning to show its lines. "I'd rather not be photographed just now. I'll be glad to pose for all the pictures you want if you'll come out to the studio tomorrow when I'm working."

"No can do," said the photographer. "Besides, I want to get you in uniform."

Glenn's forehead furrowed into that photogenic frown of his. "I'm darned sorry," he said, "but I've got a funny feeling about this uniform. See, my dad was in the diplomatic corps, and I know that if he were living now, he'd be sort of proud of my pitching into this thing without making a fuss. My work here is important to me, not as an actor, but as a person. I think it's corny for a guy to show off his patriotism. You see what I'm driving at?"

The reporter saw. Afterward he said to a friend of Glenn's, "Ford is okay. That is one guy without a drop of phony blood in his system."

mom's eye-view . . .

You just don't get phony around a mom like Mrs. Ford. "I really can't believe he's famous," she says. "To me he's still just a nice youngster with Sir Galahad manners and a healthy dose of Marx Brothers." He loves to charge into the house, swoop "Little One" (his name for his mother) up off her feet and carry her around under one arm. On the Sir Galahad side, he bought her a stunning Kolinsky coat—the last one in Beverly Hills—for which extravagance she's still scolding him in a tickled-to-pieces voice.

What's he like around the house, you pump her. She looks amazed that anyone should care; but he's like this.

When he's working, he rolls out at six, bright as brass, and eats a hearty breakfast. He can eat like a thresher without gaining weight. He puts on, after shorts and shirt, a burgundy tie—he never wears any other color—and burgundy socks. While he is dressing and eating breakfast, he keeps half an eye on his watch, a Longine—because he has a phobia about being late. He walked out on a governor who had promised him a job several years ago, simply because the governor was thirty minutes late for their appointment. The last thing he does before leaving the house is to brush his teeth—with paste, because powder makes him sneeze.

Mama Ford further divulges that his favorite beefs are hats in general, men who wear scarves and the high cost of dating in Hollywood. Seems that he took a girl to Ciro's not long ago for a sandwich and such. The check was $17.50, and his burning thought as he blasted a twenty was that he could have bought three complete symphonies with the dough. His extravagance never takes him to swank spots but to music stores or book shops. He owns about 175 albums of symphonies, and he has lost count of his reading library. "He's crazy about dogs and boats—and, well, he's really no different from most boys his age," says Mrs. Ford, not meaning a word of it, you can tell. She may think it, but there's none of this he-ought-to-be-president stuff out of her. That's Joan Crawford's line.

She probably knows Glenn better than any other girl in Hollywood, and when she gets talking about him, you wonder why the heck he doesn't axe his agent and put her on the payroll.

They have dinner together two or three times a week, sometimes at her house and sometimes in an inconspicuous booth back in the shadows at Dave Chasen's. When Joan reads a book she likes, like Paul Gallico's "The Snow Goose" or Mildred Cram's "Forever," she passes the story on to Glenn. He reads it, then they rehash it and spend hours casting the characters.

Occasionally they go to Mocambo, but they seldom dance. Joan may be the original dancing daughter, but Glenn rarely touches the stuff. "If a girl dances with me," he says, "she has to put up with a waltz or the Ford special."

"I've tried 'em both," grins Joan, "and now I've seen everything. Somehow, though, you don't hold those two left feet against him. He's such a spellbinder of a conversationalist, you can even sit out 'Jersey Bounce' without a pang. Whether he's telling you where he went for lunch or about his trip to Canada, he makes it sound like something out of Jules Verne."

That trip to Canada was pretty wonderful.

This spring, Glenn and his mother decided to return to Glenford and Port Neuf, where they used to live, for a visit. "When we pulled into the station," Glenn says, "there were about five thousand people milling around. And, drawn up at attention, was Father's World War I regiment. That hit hard. I looked at Mother, and she looked at me. Neither of us could choke out a word, but we were both thinking, 'If only *he* were here.'" Glenn's father died suddenly of a heart ailment in 1940.

After the gala reception, the Fords left the city of Quebec for Glenford in Quebec Province. There he rediscovered his own family. The aunts, uncles, cousins and great-greats of his line. He told Joan, "I found that we are very simple people."

his silent love . . .

It was in Canada that Glenn fell in love. He has never told anyone the girl's name, because she belongs to one of those aristocratic old families that wouldn't understand even the friendliest kind of American publicity.

And it was a love affair doomed from the beginning to a zero-zero ending. The girl was a member of the Canadian Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps, which lives in barracks and constitutes the clerical and nursing force of a regiment. Glenn told a close friend, when he returned, that he had asked her to marry him, but she had convinced him that, for the time being anyway, her place was with the army.

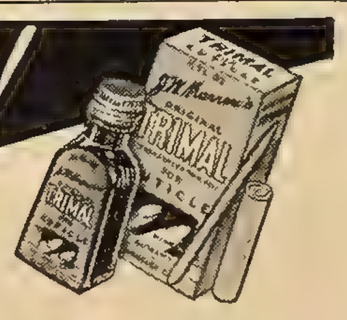
"So for the duration at least," he told

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Joan (theirs is one of those rare boy-girl relationships where they can even discuss their romances), "I'll settle for my first love, the sea."

When he heard that his best friend, Bill Holden, was going into the service, he grinned from ear to ear, whammed him on the back and just as a matter of routine said, "Navy, of course—"

"Army," said Bill, giving him the wanta-make-something-of-it leer. Glenn did. They pro-ed and con-ed for hours and finally stalemated somewhere around dawn, not seeing eye to eye at all, but still swell friends. And when Bill left for his training a week or two later, something pretty important went out of Glenn's life. The night before he left, Glenn called him up, racking his brain as he dialed for something smooth in the way of good-bys.

"I just called up to caution you against trying to play the violin in an army show," Glenn said. This harkened back to the fact that Bill's first part was that of the prize-fighting, fiddling "Golden Boy," and that he had learned one piece of music rather shakily for the picture. Not too funny a crack, but Bill guffawed in that determinedly jolly way you do when you feel more like bawling.

"At least," he said, "the notes will be sweeter on land than on sea."

There was a long silence while each tried to think of something to postpone the good-by. "They feed you much better in the Navy," Glenn finally observed.

"Considering my stomach's objection to waves, it's continuity, not quality, that interests me," said Bill.

There was another pause. Glenn finally said desperately, "Take care of yourself, fella."

"Same to you," came back fervently from the Holden phone. "And keep an eye on Ardis, won't you?"

Ardis, of course, is Brenda Marshall Holden. Since Bill has been away, Glenn hasn't had a chance to do more than telephone occasionally, but when he is free, he'll see her only in a group. Reason: He profoundly distrusts the gossip mills in Hollywood. In rapid succession he has been reported that way about Jinx Falkenburg, Judy Canova, Carmen Miranda, Michele Morgan, Pat Morison, Patti McCarty, Laraine Day, Martha O'Driscoll and Evelyn Ankers.

false rumors . . .

"Boy, the gossips kept me hopping," Glenn told a Columbia publicity man. "No tête-a-têtes for Ardis and me. We'll get ourselves chaperoned by the Ray Millands or the Fred Macs or someone."

Next to the Holdens, they're about Glenn's greatest chums. When he spends a day with the MacMurrays, he and Fred talk sports or guns. They exchange rumors about the Springfield versus the Garand, and argue happily over who'll win the pennant this year.

With Ray Milland, Glenn discusses world affairs. Ray took his seventeen thousand dollars, inherited from a deceased relative, and went on a trip around the world in his pre-Hollywood days. He's been in almost every country where the war is going on.

Another pal of his is Pat O'Brien, with whom he usually talks pipes. Both of them have extensive collections (Glenn's now totals 140), and the latest addition to the Ford group was an O'Brien gift. This one consists of a bowl and stem carved out of an honest Irish shillalah.

There's a rugged look about it that goes with the rugged Ford puss. And the puss, incidentally, is the tip-off on the whole guy. He can take the bumps. No Model T, this Ford. He's strictly A1!



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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

during blackouts. . . . That Greer Garson is an expert on wines? Learned all about vintages when she was a university student taking summer tours through France. . . . That Gypsy Rose Lee is an air-raid warden?

That Hattie McDaniel is an inspiring sight in her AWVS uniform. . . . That Flyin' Bob Taylor, too old to be a fighter pilot, will probably join the Ferry Command. . . . That Myrna Loy met new hubby, John Hertz, Jr., at a party she and ex-hubby Arthur Hornblow tossed several months ago?

Change of Hearts

Bang! With the expectancy of a Kansas tornado, came the startling announcement that Hedy Lamarr had returned her engagement ring to George Montgomery. Overnight, what had been the town's most idyllic romance, turned up its toes and died. The reason? Apparently no one knows, except Hedy—and she isn't telling.

As usual, there are plenty of rumors afloat. Most persistent is the whisper that the whole affair was nothing more than a high-powered publicity stunt. But this should be squelched by the fact that Hedy bought gobs of bridal linens and had each piece monogrammed with her were-to-be initials. Still another tale has it Hedy discovered George isn't the even-tempered lad he's cracked up to be.

But then, who knows? Perhaps it's nothing more than a lovers' spat, and by the time this gets into print the pair will be seeing heart to heart again!

Lord Louis Mountbatten

If Hollywood moguls are wise, they'll whip up a nice, juicy contract and wave it under the aristocratic nose of Lord Louis Mountbatten the minute this war is over. Even before he became the leader of Britain's dashing, heroic Commandos, Lord Mountbatten's handsome six-foot-plus had feminine hearts thumping throughout his native land.

As far as we know, Lord Louis has never had any commercial contact with the movie colony. However, he has known individual movie stars. Back in the twenties, he visited the United States with his beautiful wife, and at a public function watched approvingly, as his lady went through the contortions of the Charleston with Fred Astaire.

Not until the Mountbattens returned to England did they discover they were in disgrace. Queen Mary, three thousand miles away in Buckingham Palace, had heard of Lady Mountbatten's exhibition. And, expressing her disapproval of royalty who dances with movie stars, had had Lord Mountbatten barred from his swank Royal Yacht Squadron!

Every Knock a Boo

Maybe his unsuccessful wooing of Gene Tierney still rankles. Maybe he never liked

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Apollo-like Vic Mature discovered, through experimentation and interesting experience, that he looked most like what his publicity agents said he looked like when he was photographed standing next to wisp-like blonde maidens! Accordingly, in one year, he had himself spotlighted and photographed standing next to no less than eighty such wisp-like blonde maidens. Nice work, if you're qualified.

—Look Magazine



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Hollywood anyway. But whatever the cause, when Richard Watts, Jr., New York drama critic, summed up the 1941-42 theatrical season, he couldn't resist taking a few swipes at Movietown and its personnel. Wrote Richard Watts in his paper:

Actor the season did best without: Victor Mature.

Film actress who is wisest to confine her acting to the screen: Bette Davis.

Sight I could least stand to see: George Raft in the Lee Tracy role in the movie version of "Broadway."

Mr. Watts paid Hollywood some left-handed compliments, too. Supplementing his barbs were the following:

Film actress this department admires despite its better judgment: Veronica Lake.

Film actress who would probably be most successful on the stage: Ida Lupino.

Comedian the season most missed: W. C. Fields.

Home Front

Jeanette MacDonald's in a dither over that story going the rounds about her quitting her career. Seems she's supposed to be trailing husband Gene Raymond, First Lieutenant in the Army Air Force Combat Command, the world over, wherever his job takes him! Started by a Southern newspaper who failed to check for confirmation, the tale was sent over the country's wire-service and caused no end of distress for poor Jeanette.

"On the contrary, I have no such idea. Now is the time for all women to stand by their jobs and work harder than ever to make those jobs count. With our men fighting for victory, the Victory front at home is every woman's responsibility. Our men expect us to shoulder that responsibility bravely!"

Since Gene's been in the service, Jeanette's spent every available moment between pictures, trotting to army camps and singing her head off for the boys. In Hollywood she's continuing her "Date-Leaves" entertainment, the same hospitality initiated by her and Gene last September.

Last we heard, Gene was in England, and Jeanette was playing a six weeks concert tour of the army camps in July and August.

Good News About Ray Middleton

There's usually at least one woman behind the success story of every man, but Ray Middleton has had so many to cope with he's not figuring 'em any more. We asked Ray just about how many times he'd been in love, and when he ran out of fingers he looked up dreamily and smiled that he'd

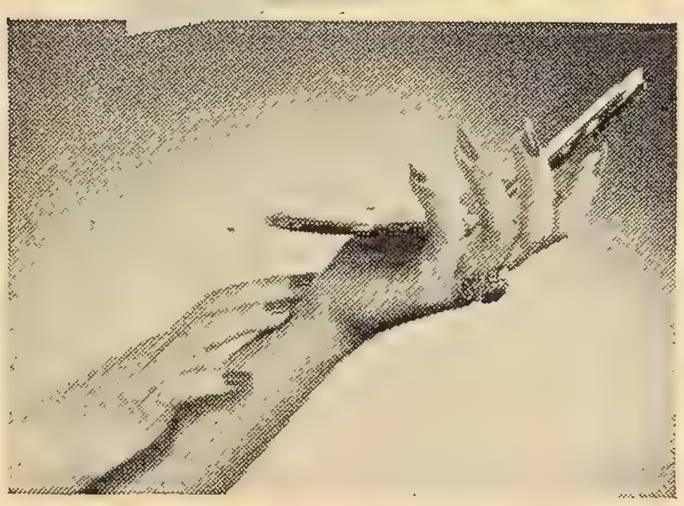
I SAW IT HAPPEN

In high school here in Los Angeles, Marie Wilson stole the show when she had one word to speak in the Senior play. Even that wasn't a real word. It was just "uh-huh." (She was the maid.) Everybody roared at the way she said it, and most of the boys and girls attended all three performances just to see Marie shake her giddy head, hear her utter her one "word," and bring down the house. Not one of us was surprised to see her name in lights about ten years later.

Margaret E. Youngdahl,
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

simply "lost count" . . . He did admit to having a secret crush on Greta Garbo, but for that woman-on-a-desert-island setup, Ray would choose the whole Ada Broadbent dancing troupe any day . . . Long before the present rush of events, he started a personal precedent by sticking to a rigid rehearsal routine . . . locking himself in his apartment and playing a game of "nobody's home" whenever the phone rang or the buzzer buzzed. Nevertheless, Fate and the famous Chicago Opera Company said him nay when he said "Please!" in 1930 . . . but both repented, and six years later Chicago was on the asking end of the line, and Ray finally consented to become their star attraction . . . In the same streak, he remembers his stage days in New York when frantic women fans almost mowed him down after every performance of the musical show "Roberta," in which he had the male lead, and another good scout, Fred MacMurray, was his understudy! 'Course Hollywood held out its arms pronto to Broadway's pet glammer singer, but when Ray saw the results of his first screen test, he felt like an ostrich just before it runs away and buries its head in the sand . . . The men on top disagreed, though, and sentenced Our Man Middleton to a long stretch of pleasing the



Alan Mowbray and Family

public . . . It worked, too . . . fact is, one woman fan from the Middle West was so thrilled that she sent him a bow tie, asked him to pose in it for her . . . said her husband refused to wear them, claiming only sissies wore bow ties . . . and she wanted said husband to see how a real he-man looked in one of the darn things! . . . At present, as far as Ray's concerned, only rule for his unknown missus-to-be is, "Don't be a scat singer" . . . He doesn't care if she's a goddess or a G-girl, just so long as she's "poised, well-groomed and attractive" . . . she can smoke, if she wants, but she'll smoke alone, 'cause he lays off to keep his warbling channels clear. . . . In case you've been wondering what Ray Middleton's real name is, we'll let the secret out here and now—it's —s-s-sh—Ray Middleton.

Good News About Alan Mowbray

He's one man who can say, and has said, "Veddy good, suh," in more pictures than

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he can count and with more variations than any other three words in the International Butlers' Language. It's all in the angle of the eyebrow, the dilation or lack of it in the nostrils, and the stiffness of the shoulders. Or so Alan Mowbray will have us believe. Though he's butlered some of our best heroes into background insignificance, Alan himself has never bothered with bright lights and fancy billings. He's thoroughly evasive about his love life, too . . . when questioned closely he withdraws quietly with, "Careful! I'm married!" . . . refuses even to commit himself on advice for future would-be missuses . . . tells us we should ask the missus . . . but he blossomed out when we asked him if he liked women who smoke, wear red nail polish, etc. . . . countering satisfactorily with, "I just like women." Sounds like an example of what Alan calls his worst stage habit . . . "Kidding during the show. I'm still trying to cure it," he fibs. How did he feel when he first saw himself on the screen, we wondered . . . his one-word answer, "Sick!" . . . may account for his not having seen himself on the screen for the past seven years . . . refuses to see his completed pictures . . . refuses in fact to gape at himself in the mirror before he starts work on one, doing his "rehearsing" strictly on the set as the cameras are about to take over. Seems to work, though. The most interesting fan letter Alan's ever received? "The first one!" he smiles back at us. Hopes some day to play the role of Cyrano de Bergerac, the 17th century ultra-schnozzled poet and would-be Romeo . . . which would take him out of the class into which he's fitted like he was born there . . . gentlemen's gentleman and all that . . . but Alan's not diddling his thumbs until that role comes along for him . . . life's too busy . . . and his favorite director is always waiting. Favorite director? "My next one," he jibed, "always my next one!" Any achievement that London-born 6-foot Alan is secretly proud of is completely overshadowed by his two greatest . . . a growing son and daughter, who are, after all, not entirely his own doing, ex-actress wife Lorayne Carpenter having had some say in the matter. The future for Alan Mowbray? All he wants in the future is to look like the person he thinks is the best looking guy around . . . you're right . . . it's his son!

Olivia Goes to Town

The war has caused Olivia de Havilland to do something long years of prosperity could not. It's made her move out of the Los Feliz home she's stubbornly clung to since the first day she arrived in Hollywood. For ages her boy friends have screamed about having to trek way out to the suburbs to fetch her for a date, but like Scarlett O'Hara, Livvy's refused to desert the old manse.

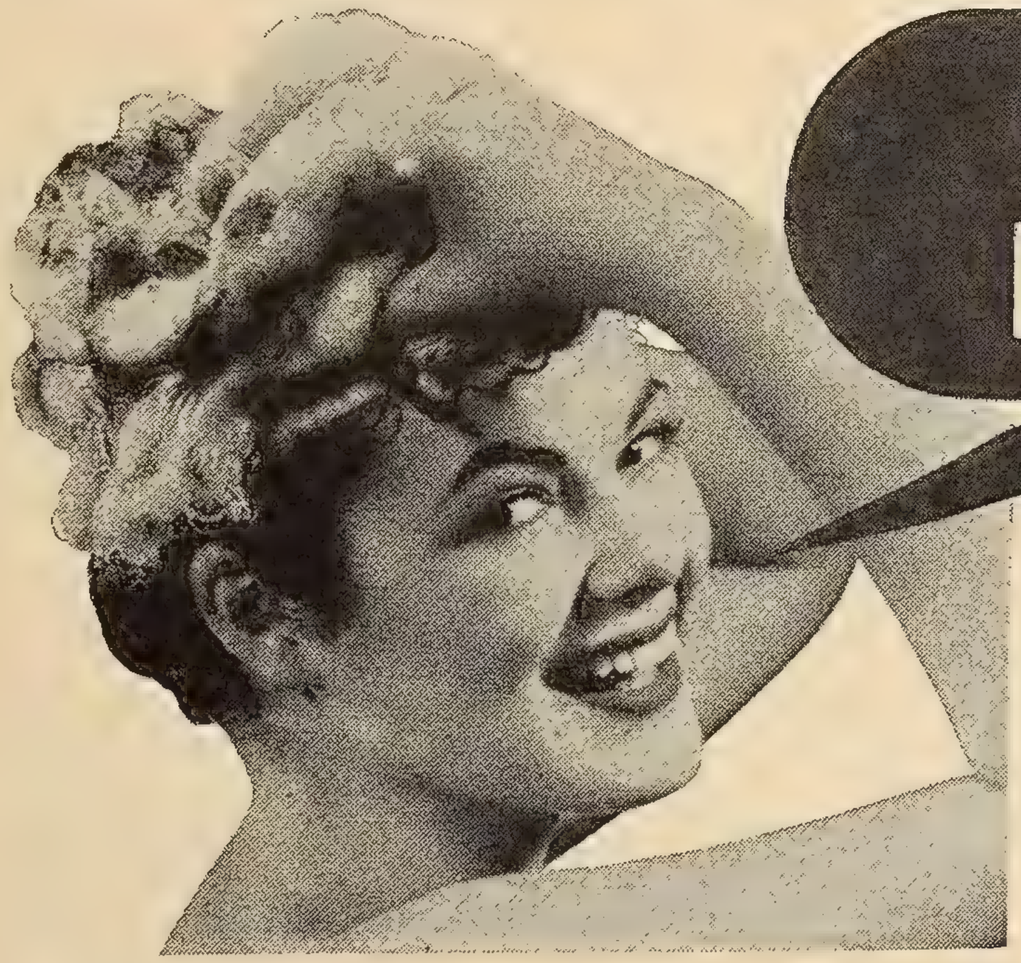
When her telephone stopped jingling a few months back, Olivia figured she was in for one of those no-date spells all girls go through. Then her best friend told her. Her beaux still loved her—but they loved their tires more. That was enough for Olivia. Fast as fire she hunted up a new house. Now she's quartered in the heart of town, blissfully justifying her title of Hollywood's Most Popular Bachelor Girl.

Meet Gene Krupa

Surprisingly the King of the Drums is not the slappy, swing-happy music man most people imagine. Of course he's no long hair. But neither does he spend his youth beating his brains out in jive-dive jam sessions.

Serious about his work, he once wrote a book on drumming that outsells every other tome of its type . . . When he lectured at the New York Museum of Natural History on the subject of primitive drums, museum authorities pronounced his talk one of the most learned ever delivered under their roof . . . He practices three hours daily on a specially-built rubber pad, keeping his hat on all the while to get the tune sound . . . Learned to write and eat with left hand so his left wrist will stay supple . . . He loves to play along with symphonic records.

Devours A. J. Cronin and Thomas Wolfe, but didn't learn to read music till a few years ago. In the old days with Red Nichols' band, he used to get the melody from the trombone player, one Glenn Miller, who'd play the tune to him during rehearsal . . . Yearns to play baseball but doesn't dare endanger his wrists. Contents himself listening to the Daphnis et Chloe Suite by his favorite composer, Ravel, and to Cosy Cole of the Duke Ellington crew, in his opinion, the top drummer in the business . . . Must eat five meals a day to keep his weight up . . . Benny Goodman used to pay him $500 weekly. As his own boss, he's made as much as $1000 nightly.



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After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Strictly Dishonorable

There's a tall, handsome Hollywood leading man whose career story could well be titled Portrait of A Heel. Fourteen months ago, said leading man was just another small name on the studio payroll. Today, thanks to his shrewd maneuvering of romances with leading glamour girls, he's one of the most important stars in the business!

His practice of "using" famous women as stepladders to fame first attracted notice when he fell into the habit of lunching at two different studios with two different stars, on the same day. Instead of concealing his double-timing, he encouraged reporters to publicize both dates!

Later, he went after and wooed another top feminine star who was so bewitched, she made him her leading man. After brushing that romance out of his life, he launched himself on another amour. This time he became engaged, to the accompaniment of reams of publicity in every newspaper and magazine in the country.

When he grew too possessive, even to the point of charging items to his fiancée's department store accounts, the girl faced the bitter truth. She returned his ring—but at his request!

His most recent leading lady (who happens to be happily married) can't understand it all. Why, she asks, do glamorous beauties, who have known every type of man, let themselves in for broken hearts at the hands of this particular punk?

"It's their own fault," she charges. "They should realize that anyone who kisses the way he does can't be a gentleman!"

Short Shots

They do say that John Howard's stepped-up dates with Mary Brian and Janet Blair are intended to make Hedy Lamarr jealous . . . Veronica Lake moves to Seattle for the duration to be near husband Capt. John Detlie, assigned to the Army Engineering Corps. She'll come into town for pictures then scram back to her spouse . . . Universal's paying premiums on a million dollars worth of insurance covering their precious Abbott and Costello . . . A gang of kids at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, pool their dough every two weeks to put in a call to Betty Grable. A crap game decides which one talks to her.

Leslie Howard has married off his last child. Daughter Leslie is the bride of a British Army captain . . . Arthur Murray's new dance studio features a "Rogers and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of my school teachers went to the University of North Carolina with Kay Kyser. It was just after Kay had started his small college band which played for dances, etc. His teachers had warned him that if he didn't get to work and improve his grades, he would be forced to give up his band.

Kay was a favorite among all of the students, so that night before his final exams, the students got him into a room and crammed into him everything he needed to know. The next day he passed the exams with flying colors. He's really a swell guy, and I appreciate his being a fellow North Carolinian very much.

Nancy Lawder,
2109 Glenwood Avenue,
Raleigh, N. C.

Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE



DON'T ENVY long, tapering smart nails—have them! Simply cover short, broken, brittle nails with NU-NAILS. NU-NAILS can be worn any length and polished with any desired enamel. *So natural they cannot be detected.* They even have half moons. Helps check nail biting habit. *Will not harm nor soften natural nails.* Protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. Easily applied, remains firm, waterproof. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c at all ten cent stores.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Astaire" room . . . Mary Ann Hyde, the Beverly Hills socialite whose romance with Errol Flynn is drawing parental frowns, was screen-tested by Warners' at Errol's request. Results were unsuccessful . . . Constance Worth, at one time Mrs. George Brent, will quit her job as a carhop in a Beverly Hills drive-in and accept a long-term movie contract . . . Ruth Chatterton, another Brent "ex" is appearing in summer stock with Ralph Forbes. Miss Chatterton was Mrs. Forbes before becoming Mrs. Brent.

It's "Grandpaw" Basil Rathbone! Daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rodion Rathbone, is the mother of a baby girl . . . Who said Hollywood males are shopping for cushion jobs in the service? As we go to press, Vaughn Paul is on active sea duty, and Gene Raymond is out of the country, probably in England . . . The conversion of George Montgomery into a Clark Gable type will be complete when Montgomery blossoms out in a mustache for "China Girl" . . . The Marine Corps is claiming new rage Macdonald Carey.

Hayes Fever

Jeffrey Lynn's a busy boy in Uncle Sam's Army so we don't think he'll have much time to brood over the sudden elopement of girl friend, Margaret Hayes, with Tarzan-hulked, Leif Erikson. Just in case Maggie couldn't squeeze all the details of her romance into the wire she sent Jeffrey, here for his information is the story of how it happened.

Maggie went to the movies one night and in the middle of the picture got to sneezing. Leif, sitting behind her, tore out of the theater and was back in a flash with an aspirin tablet and a cup of water. When Maggie recovered, Leif introduced himself and returned to his seat. Next day, Maggie got to thinking about what a nice guy he was and wrote him a note of thanks. That was the beginning. Two weeks later Leif was in Reno dissolving his marriage to Frances Farmer, and six weeks after that, he and Margaret met in Minden, Nev. and were wed.

From our agents in the East, we hear that Jeffrey, far from being the jilted suitor, is spending his leaves very happily in the company of a New York thrush named Rosalie Gibson. Only thing that burns him, according to our informant, is the fact that Maggie eloped in his station wagon!

Lonely Cinderella

Here's a story that's never been told. The story of a beautiful little girl who came to Hollywood and rose to be a great big movie star. At her studio she was treated like an adult. At home she was treated like a child. Her parents, hoping to shield her from the wolves of the town, sternly restricted her dates. When suitors refused to be discouraged, they invented the tale that their daughter was engaged to a childhood sweetheart, living in faraway Mexico.

The ruse worked. It kept the wolves away. But as the girl grew older she realized something else. It was keeping the nice boys away, also—the boys she wanted to date. She asked her family to deny the whole story or to announce that the engagement had been broken. But the parental thumb was down. The family refused and the deception continued.

Recently the star left home. Behind her she left the shackles she felt deprived her of normal womanhood. Now she will live alone and be free. In confiding her story to a few friends, she asked that they try to understand her parents' viewpoint as well as her own. "I love them," she says, "but I have my own life to lead." Okay, Linda Darnell. We hope it will be a happy one!



EVERYBODY LOVES THE PANDA

Just as the baby Panda goes straight to your heart . . . this soft-as-a-mist cardigan is sure to become your best-loved sweater. Fashioned in Brushed Rayon, PANDA is as cuddly and appealing as its namesake. The youthful lines and flattering, furry texture of this gay, ribbon-bound cardigan make PANDA the perfect casual jacket for wear anywhere, anytime. Sizes 32 to 40 . . . about $5.00 at your favorite store.



PANDA comes in Red, Kelly Green, Brown, Powder Blue, Maize, Champagne, Pink or White . . . all with matching ribbon-binding and buttons.

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"Amateur" Night

The big moment in Sammy Kaye's night-spot floor show always occurs when Sammy steps to the mike and announces his sensational feature, "So You Want To Lead A Band." Repressed baton-wavers leap from every corner of the audience, clamoring for the privilege of holding the stick over Sammy's boys. The results are generally brutal, but everyone has fun.

The other evening Sammy stepped to his mike as usual, and had hardly completed his speech when a huge man lumbered up and demanded to be first. Sammy obligingly relinquished his baton and waited. Two minutes later he was plugging his ears.

The next night the big man was back. "And do you know who he was?" asks Sammy. "Otto Klemperer, the symphony conductor! He apologized for his bad performance and told me he'd been practising all day. Then he begged me for another chance!"

Follow the Leader

Speaking of Sammy Kaye—he and producer William LeBaron are developing an idea that may give you and you and you a chance to get into the movies!

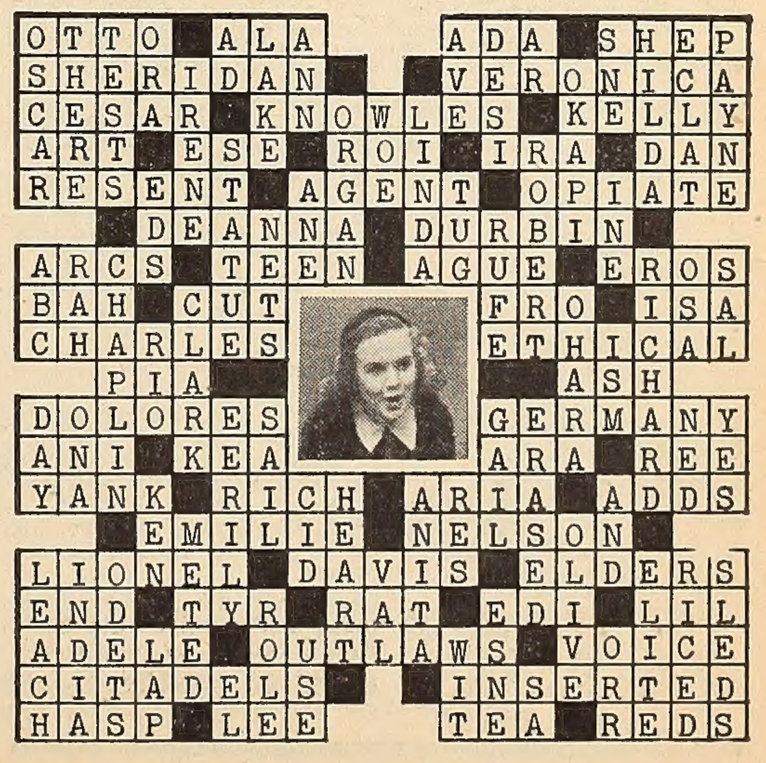
Sammy told LeBaron about "So You Want To Lead A Band," and the producer liked it so well he's going to use it as the basis of a picture. Sammy will act as unofficial casting director and, in his next swing around the country, will be on the lookout for boys and girls with special talents who will be brought to Hollywood to appear in the picture with him. So—be on the lookout for Sammy!

Disa and Data

The star in Warner Bros. service flag representing George Brent was sewed in place by wifie Ann Sheridan's own two hands . . . Ava's ambition for a film career is the serpent in the Mickey Rooneys' Garden of Eden . . . There's another baby winging toward the Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs. Doug is still overseas, but Mrs. F. hopes he'll be home by Fall to greet his second heir . . . Looks as though Mr. and Mrs. America have forgiven Lew Ayres. His last movie is amazingly popular with audiences who even applaud his appearance on the screen . . . Spencer Tracy is expected to follow Major Clark Gable into the Air Corps . . . If and when Peter Lorre becomes a free man, his bride will be Karen Verne . . . Paul Muni is up for the lead in the life of Joseph Stalin.

Vital Statistics Dept: Send greetings to Mr. and Mrs. George Sanders who celebrate their second anniversary on October 27th. And send condolences to Marie Wilson whose springtime elopement with Allan Nixon will end in a summertime annulment.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10





AMAZING SANITARY PROTECTION

What a relief! Dainty, easy to use, HOLLY-PAX is invisible—a tiny, all-cotton tampon (note illustration) requiring no applicator. No bunchy pads, no disposal problem either. Furthermore, you can carry a full supply of these dependable, individually cellophane-sealed tampons hidden in your purse.

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Write for free booklet, "New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene." Holly-Pax, Box H-8 Palms Station, Hollywood, California.

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HIGHLIGHTS ON HAIR BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 55*)

helpful hints . . .

Your hair beauty starts where your hair does—at the scalp. Invigorate and loosen it by frequent massage. Pinching is a dandy toner-upper. Grasp a sizable portion between thumb and forefinger, and pinch for all you're worth all over your head. With all ten fingers, knead until your head tingles. This nourishes the countless little hair cells from which new hairs grow and helps oil glands to function properly.

It's the wise lassie who doesn't let her old permanent run out to the very end before having a new one. These busy days leave little time for a nightly "put-up" job. Don't bargain hunt for your permanent. Once you have it you can't send it back. It's yours to keep until you outgrow it. Go to a reliable shop that has a reputation to uphold and have several test curls so you'll know in advance how your hair will look.

You launder your undies and wash your face when they need it, and we're of the school that says treat your hair the same. Oily hair tends to soil quickest because oil is a magnet for dust and dirt. Shampoo with a special oily-hair cleanser at least once a week—even twice weekly when you want to be especially glamour-ful and posy-fresh. In between shampoos, oily hair can be cleansed and refreshed by rubbing a drying tonic over scalp and hair with a bit of cotton or an inexpensive toothbrush. Wipe with a towel or cleansing tissue and both tonic and excess hair oil will disappear! With a little practice at this waterless cleanser, you'll always have your hair looking shampoo-fresh.

bring out the brush . . .

Oily hair is in dire need of brush exercise, for over-oiliness shows an unhealthy condition. Brushing stimulates circulation, makes the hair and scalp vibrantly lovely and helps remove daily accumulated dust and excess oil. Along with brushing, massage a corrective tonic into the scalp at least three times a week. Part the hair into sections, apply tonic, massage well. Then press waves back in place, don curlers or bob pins and a hair net—you'll be all set for the night. Simple?

If you have dry hair, you, too, must brush, brush, brush! Daily, at least—more often, if possible. Dry skin needs rich softening emollients and dry scalps do, too. Before you shampoo your dry brittle tresses, give them a hot oil treatment. For best results do it the night before. This lubricates every follicle of hair and makes your topknot gleam and glisten. When you wash off the oil, dunk your hair first in cold water. Then proceed with your shampoo, and you'll be surprised how easily it lathers in spite of the oil in your hair. After every shampoo, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine— It's a perfectly wonderful hair-shiner and helps your coif keep its well-groomed appearance.

Dandruff is a mean old beauty-stealer. Those bothersome little flecks can deglamorize the loveliest hair style (the prettiest costume, too). Send them scampering away! Massage with a dandruff tonic nightly and wash with a special dandruff remover shampoo. If your hair and scalp don't respond to your own home treatment, consult a reliable hair specialist or dermatologist to help overcome the trouble.

good looks a-head . . .

A final touch for glamour is a vegetable rinse to pep up your hair to a brighter, more flattering shade. Rinses merely coat the surface and won't harm the texture. In fact, many have extra nutritional value. Their ingredients also help cut any remaining vestige of soap and make your hair behave better and set easier.

There ought to be a law against curling sopping wet hair in tight little rings and leaving it that way to dry. Before hair is set, it should be aired and exercised. Rub it briskly with a big fluffy towel for several minutes. Remove tangles and snarls with brush and comb (we hope you haven't forgotten to clean them thoroughly, too—if you have, it's not too late to do it now). Then shake your hair and let it become at least partly dry—in the open air or sunshine, if possible—before you get busy with hair and bob pins.

You probably know that your general condition affects the quality of your hair. If your system lacks proper nourishment, your hair will be dull and lifeless. After an illness, particularly, it craves reconditioning, for a systematic upset tends to hamper hair growth. Eat the proper foods, drink plenty of water and fruit juices. These are important to make hair the "thrilling-to-touch" kind.

Follow the rules faithfully . . . Don your perky hat, your festive flowers or gaily-colored bows — with a shining foundation of lustrous, gleaming tresses, and you'll be the belle of that USO dance you're planning to attend.

* * *

Fitch's Hair Pomade is a new product introduced by an old and reliable company. It gives your coif a healthy, lustrous look, and at the same time is beneficial to dry hair and prevents brittleness. To overcome the effects of summer sun or a frizzy permanent, massage Fitch's Hair Pomade into your scalp at night or whenever you want your tresses to look especially smooth and glamorous.

* * *

For a truly successful permanent, treat yourself to a Turbanwav. This modern curling method leaves hair soft and flexible, and is especially kind to dyed, bleached or mistreated locks. Turbanwav does its job with no discomfort, no heat and no machinery. A fashion-bright turban covers the feather-light gadgets that miraculously give you a wave at the same time you are doing your marketing, meeting a friend for lunch or attending your First Aid class.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Bob Burns made $85,000 in a single year by simply sitting around and letting a smart tin manufacturer plaster Bob's name all over a noisy contraption which the maker called a bazooka.

—Look Magazine

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Despite her suave manner, Norma Shearer has kept onlookers in stitches by balancing a glass of water on her head, sinking to the floor and rising without spilling a drop on her gown!

—Look Magazine

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



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In Hollywood, one of the first rules of beauty is soft, natural-looking eye make-up. Film "heart-stealers" could tell you, it's easy—with Maybelline! For Maybelline gives your eyes beauty you never even suspected. It gives your face a new personality, vivid and vibrant—inviting "the man in your life" to discover a new, young, irresistible You!

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Today, awaken your beauty with Maybelline as so many Hollywood beauties do. Be *sure* you insist on genuine Maybelline . . . dependable, long-lasting, truly natural-looking —the Eye Make-up in Good Taste. All popular harmonizing shades. At drug and department stores, or attractive purse sizes at any 10c counter



Maybelline
Solid-form Mascara



Maybelline
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